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Original Poetry.

SONG AND SORROW.

"*The Melancholy Days Have Come.*"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. E. W.

Touch my harp, oh! Muse of Sorrow!
Softly touch its broken string,
Now thy minstrel I would borrow,
O'er me spread thy drooping wing!

Spirits sighing, round me hover,
Fading beauty's spirit-spell,
Like the lute of Sappho's lover,
Breathe the language of farewell!

Where has fled the summer's beaming,
Where the bird and humming-bee—
Where the dew-drop, sparkling, gleaming,
Sun-lit diamonds on the lea?

Where the spirit-breathing zephyr,
Playing on the rose-bud's lip—
Where has fled the music-murmur
When the bees its honey sip?

See the downy thistle flying
Mutely o'er the withered grass,
Hear the faded leaflets sighing,
As they on their journey pass!

Trace them to their lowly dwelling,
Far away from beauty's home,
Hear them there their sorrows telling,
Never here again to roam.

Leaves are fading, see them falling,
Dropping in the hollow's low;
Birds from hill and grove are calling
For their kindred all to go!

Gone is every fragrant blossom,
Summer's breath has past away,
Bare and cold is Nature's bosom,
Dimly falls the noon-tide ray.

Thus are passing, thus are leaving
Those we prize and fondly love;
Sadly now my heart is grieving,
Yet with joy I look above!

With the summer, soft and stilly,
Fled her spirit to the skies,
Young and lovely as the lily,
Scarcely blooming ere it dies!

See the willow bending lowly!
Hear I not her spirit there?
Weeping minstrel! sad, yet holy,
Is the breathing of thy lyre!

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAROLINE ORNE.

The lights that gleamed from the houses and palaces of Rome had, one by one, been extinguished, and now, except where the midnight watcher sat by the pillow of the sick, only one solitary lamp continued to burn. This was in one of the chambers of an old weather-stained building on the eastern bank of the Tiber, and by the wavering and uncertain glimmer which it cast upon the dark waters the faint blaze was evidently swayed by the gusty night-wind that was swiftly driving masses of broken and cloud-looking clouds across the sky. But the rays of the lamp, feeble and flickering as they were, sufficed partially to reveal the interior of a large, comfortless-looking apartment, which exhibited indications that it was intended for a sculptor's studio, though there was an absence of all the richer materials that belong to his art. Besides a few antique casts in plaster, there were several models in clay, but except a female bust, there was not a single figure in bronze or marble. The models in clay, all of them in a greater or less degree, showed that they had been moulded by the hand of genius. One, the statue of a Venus, possessed a union of grace and beauty, rarely met with even in the higher walks of art.

The occupant of the chamber was Jean de Boulogne, a young Frenchman, who had not some time been a disciple of Bonnatotti. His face was pale and haggard, exhibiting signs of severe privation and intense mental suffering while his threadbare garb seemed an insufficient protection against the piercing wind admitted through the unglazed windows. He had, for more than an hour, been sitting, leaning his head upon his hand as immovable as the figures of clay that surrounded him. At last he raised his head, and his eyes fell on the Venus, which, supported by frame-work, stood opposite where he sat. As he gazed on its exquisite beauty and grace, and the lovely features which seemed by their expression as if it understood his thoughts his countenance became lighted up with a glow of almost rapturous pleasure. It immediately vanished, however, and was succeeded by looks of deep and intense sorrow.

"Yes," said he, unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts, "the hour has arrived. I can no longer grapple with the stern hand of poverty. Yet, and his eye for a moment brightened, "if I could obtain gold to purchase one single block of marble, so that my Venus could be wrought from a material that would bear exhibiting to the public, I might win bread and fame."

His thoughts for the hundredth time searched out and weighed every possible chance of obtaining the coveted treasure.

"It is of no use," said he, his countenance sinking back to its former melancholy,—"I must return to France and labor for my daily bread, or perish with hunger. My name can never be echoed by the sweet and silvery voice of fame. But I can carry this with me," said he, rising and approaching the bust, which was of the most ravishing beauty. "Famine, shell, will never possess the power to make me part with this.

"And if there were ever any features that possessed the spell to charm away melancholy it must have been these. In contour they were of the true Grecian type, and a life seemed trifling to the delicate temples and diffusing a beaming and joyous radiance over the countenance, such as the Promethean spark of genius could alone have kindled.

After looking at it a long time, his countenance became composed, but it was a composure that it gained by one of those mental struggles which often make frightful inroads upon the physical powers. He threw himself upon his pallet, where, after a while, he forgot his poverty and his vain yearnings for fame, in a deep, though troubled sleep. He did not wake until the sun was pouring its beams through the open windows. He arose, and had just finished arranging the dark hair which clustered in rich masses round his forehead when some person rapped at the door. He opened it, having first thrown a linen cloth over the beautiful bust, and beheld a stranger. Having accepted the artist's invitation to enter, he surveyed the figures arranged round the studio, with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Have you not anything executed in marble?" he inquired.

"Nothing—or nothing of consequence," he replied, and a faint flush tinged his cheeks as his eye rested on the linen cloth which veiled the bust.

"There are several things here which are worthy of being preserved," said the gentleman. "That flying Mercury for instance, and above all, this Venus are admirable. I advise you, to, at once, execute them in marble."

"I should have done so long ago," replied Jean, and his color heightened still more as he spoke, "had it been possible for me to procure the marble. I have still continued to hope, but hope has, at length, forsaken me, and last night I came to the determination to abandon the art which has inspired me with so many beautiful dreams, and to return to France, my native land, where buried in obscurity I can find means to earn my bread."

"I can see that it has cost you a great deal to come to the determination," said the gentleman. "Remain where you are, and when I tell you that my name is Giovanni Donati, I think that you will consider that it is in no vain boast if I venture to predict that your genius, aided by my influence, will speedily put you in the path that leads to fortune and fame. Good morning—I will be here again in an hour."

Jean, with hope kindled anew in his bosom, ate the piece of bread and drank the cup of wine for his breakfast, which had been purchased with his last piece of coin. Signor Donati was as good as his word, and at the close of the hour, again entered the studio.

"I have been looking at some marble," said he, "which I think of excellent quality, and I wish you to accompany me to the dealer's and select a block suitable for your Venus."

"I can surely depend on your judgment, replied the delighted sculptor.

"Perhaps you may, yet if you please, I prefer to have you go with me, as it will give you a consequence in the eyes of the dealer to purchase a large and fine block of marble, which may be an advantage to you. Here, take this purse, as you must pay for it yourself and as I intend to be the purchaser of the statue after it is finished, whatever is left you may consider so much in advance." Jean, at first, declined taking the purse, but the amateur was peremptory, and he was obliged to comply. As they were about to leave the studio together, the amateur's eye happened to rest on the veiled bust. He removed the cloth without hesitation.

"Beautiful," said he after regarding it a few moments with looks of great admiration, "Is it a work of fancy, or has it an original?" he enquired, turning to the artist. "But I need not enquire—your looks tell me that it *has* an original, and now as I look a second time I think I have seen her—that I know her name. Is it not Julia Marozzo?"

"I am ignorant of her name," said the sculptor, "I have only seen her a few times at church, and executed the bust from memory."

"It is an admirable performance," said Signor Donati, "and would do you great honor should you exhibit it, but you would be averse to that, if I rightly comprehend your feelings. You must not, however, consider it unfriendly if I warn you to expect less success in love than in sculpture. Julia whose parents died in her infancy, is still very young, and is the ward of a gentleman who is bent upon marrying her to his nephew. No other person, therefore, whatever may be his rank or wealth, can stand the most distant chance of obtaining her hand."

The spirits of young De Boulogne, were at present, too buoyant, to suffer him to view the affair in the same light as his newly acquired friend. He had, at least, ascertained her name, which he had long endeavored to do in vain, and every musical sound he heard ringing in the morning air, while he and the amateur were on their way to purchase the marble, seemed to pronounce in his ear, the sweet name of Julia.

A fine block of marble was selected and sent to the sculptor's studio. He labored on the statue with all the diligence and enthusiasm of a true artist, allowing himself only an hour or two towards the close of day, for relaxation. Notwithstanding his close application, the hues of health came back to his cheek, and his countenance was no longer marked by that deep dejection, which had marked a face of no common beauty. Whenever he found his enthusiasm yielding to the languor produced by unremitting and protracted toil, it ever received a new impulse, as he turned his eyes to the beautiful bust, that seemed to regard him with looks of encouragement. Though he almost constantly attended the church where he first beheld the original, he had never once seen her since he had learned her name. He felt sure that she had noticed the looks of ardent admiration with which he had regarded her, and yet he imagined that she did not resent them. It might have been different however with a stately looking elderly lady who had always been her companion, and he began to fear that the impudent manifestation of his feelings was the reason of their absenting themselves from church. One day he had remained longer at his task than ordinary and the woman who served him in the double capacity of cook and laundress, found him still diligently employed when she entered with his evening meal.

"Set down the tray, Perozia," said he, "and as I am not yet quite ready for my supper, you need not trouble yourself to wait."

But Perozia seemed in no haste, and at last, after having some time played with the tassels depending from the lacing of her gay and well fitting bodice, her eyes, all the while fixed on the bust of Julia, she observed that she had just seen a lady that it exactly resembled.

It was well that the sculptor was not at the moment making use of any of the sharper instruments appertaining to his art, or the nervous start occasioned by her remark, might have caused him to mar the mouth of the statue with which he was busy.

"Where did you see her—that is, where was she going?"

"She was walking towards the Aventine. A gay and bold looking cavalier was by her side, and they were followed by a servant.

De Boulogne said no more, but tossing away a rasp he had in his hand, he bound a vagues to his side, put on his cap and threw his mantle over his shoulders.

"Will you go before you eat your supper?" enquired Perozia.

"I have more need of air and exercise than food," he replied "and when I return I shall have a better appetite." In a few moments he was in the street, advancing with rapid steps towards that part of the city indicated by Perozia. The shades of night had begun to close darkly around, as he almost flew along the street that led to the base of the Aventine. At this moment, a sharp clash of swords broke on his ear, and then a cry of some person in terror or distress, scarcely a minute had intervened, when he perceived through the gloom a female running rapidly in the direction towards him. He hastened to meet her, and overcome by fear and exertion she would have fallen to the ground, had he not caught her in his arms. A light from a window near at hand, revealed the pale and lovely features of Julia.

"Save me, Senor—protect me," said she.

"Fear not," he replied, "no evil shall befall you."

The persons who had caused her alarm by coming to open defiance in the street, were fast approaching the spot where she and the young sculptor stood.

"Can you tell me," said he, "where you would wish to be conducted?"

"I would go home," she replied, and indicating the direction they must take, with her hand, she added, "it is at no great distance."

Her agitation had not yet so far subsided as to enable her to declare his assistance, and he almost bore her in his arms along the dimly lighted street. They soon arrived before a large and splendid mansion which Julia said was her home.

"Will you go in, Signor?" said she. "My aunt, the Countess Faustina, will be glad of the opportunity to thank you for the timely protection you have rendered me."

As may be imagined, he readily assented, and following a servant who had opened the door, they were ushered into a superb apartment, adorned with paintings from the pencils of the first masters, and a number of finely executed bass-reliefs. Julia approached her aunt, who was reclining on a couch covered with crimson velvet, and in a few words gave her to understand that she had been much alarmed, and that the gentleman present had protected her.

A cloud for a moment settled upon the brow of the countess, as she turned her eyes with a scrutinizing look to the sculptor, but immediately afterwards she rose and welcomed him, saying that she, as well as her niece, was greatly indebted to him. She then requested him to be seated.

"But where," said she, turning to Julia, "was Ludovico, that he could not protect you?"

"It was owing to him that it all happened, replied Julia. "We met Signor Rossi, followed by two servants, one of whom accidentally jostled my servant, Manetto, as he passed him; Ludovico immediately dealt the servant a severe blow. After this, I cannot well tell what happened. I saw both Signor Rossi and Ludovico draw their swords, and heard threats and curses uttered between them. I attempted to escape, but overcome with fear, I found my strength failing me, and should have been unable to reach home, had not this gentleman assisted me."

"Ludovico is much too rash," replied the countess. "I shall not permit you to walk out with him again till his uncle returns."

"Many thanks, dear aunt, said Julia, "as without your interdiction, which will shield me from the anger of my guardian, I should not venture to refuse him."

Julia had scarcely finished speaking, when hasty footsteps were heard in the passage, and the next moment the door was unceremoniously thrown open, and a young man entered with disordered dress, whose carriage denoted flurry and agitation. His figure was remarkably fine, which was displayed to good advantage by his well-fitting garments, which consisted of a jacket slashed with silver, and hose of the same dark hue. His features were decidedly handsome, and yet there was a sinister expression in his countenance, that might have served as a warning to those so situated as to be inclined to give him their confidence. A few spots of blood, that almost vied in brightness with a ruby ring that he wore on his finger, marked the back of his white, patrician hand.

"I hope you are not hurt!" said Julia, with a manner perfectly changed from her former warmth and vivacity.

"No, thanks to my good rapier," he replied, "the blood that stains my hand is not mine, but Signor Rossi's."

"Is he badly wounded?" enquired Julia.

"And if he is," he replied, "you have little reason to regret it. The beauty of one which heretofore has been no more thought of than the violet that lies hid in the grass, will, now that Signor Rossi has been wounded by one who fought for her sake, be the theme of every tongue."

"You make a slight mistake," said Julia, in a tone of sarcasm, as before as could possibly flow from such lovely lips, "it was in the cause of Manetto, not mine, that you fought, and that with such fury and such disregard for my safety, that I came nigh being trodden under foot."

"But was you not, dear say, by this noble sir," said he, bowing to Jean with an air of mock humility which by no means had the effect to temper the haughty and sarcastic look that he fastened upon him.

Jean, far from cowering beneath the searching glance, with which Ludovico evidently intended to browbeat him, bore it with dignity and returned it with a look equally haughty. "Come Ludovico, said the Countess, "if you thought proper to chastise the insolence of the servant in the person of the master, you are entitled to my own and Julia's thanks while this young gentleman—I forget your name," said she bowing to Jean. "My name, said he in reply to this clever hint, "is Jean de Boulogne."

As I was saying," resumed the Countess, "Monsieur de Boulogne is entitled to the thanks of all three of us for the timely protection he afforded Julia, at a time when you were unable to offer it yourself."

"He certainly has mine, said Ludovico with a sneer. Jean was about to reply in a manner that accorded with the sneer rather than the words, when a servant entered with fruit and wine which had been ordered by the Countess. During the slight movement this occasioned, Julia managed so as to pass close to Jean and while her eyes were turned in a contrary direction, she said in a low whisper, "Do not provoke Ludovico, or you may gain a dangerous enemy."

"I fear him not" replied Jean in a voice low as her own, "though my request from you I shall feel bound to obey."

Julia rose to take leave, but as the Countess pressed him to remain and partake of the fruit, he complied.

Julia, who had always lived in strict seclusion, had never had a lover except Ludovico and from him she turned with a deep and almost shuddering dislike, for the pure and lofty sentiments with which her spirit was imbued, found no sympathy with a character dark, deceitful and intriguing, and swayed by strong and fierce passions over which he had no control. The handsome and intelligent countenance of the young sculptor, who had with the first dawnings of imagination commenced living in a world of ideal beauty, had an expression so full of refined sentiment and exalted enthusiasm, that as he and Ludovico sat side by side the contrast presented by the features of the latter, suggested to Julia the idea of some beautiful but malignant fiend. Jean had possessed as little opportunity as Julia to learn the cunning and deceit of the world, and as the artless and sincere do not find the same impediments to check the flow of feeling as those more deeply read in the lore of worldly wisdom, there was before his departure an intelligence established between them, which would have gained nothing by the most eloquent language.

From this evening as soon as the setting sun touched with glory the spires and pinnacles of Rome, the sculptor threw aside his chisel and hastened to the residence of the Countess. She was fond of painting and sculpture, and loved to listen to his impassioned descriptions of the works of the great masters, without suspecting that one so young and enthusiastic could turn from the admiration of those sublime and beautiful creations to the living form, which in beauty and grace transcended them all. Ludovico was often present, and his manner towards Jean, became gradually, less haughty and reserved. Julia rejoiced in the change, and no longer suspected him of any evil design towards her lover.

In the mean time the statue of Venus was rapidly assuming the exquisite proportions of the model which had so excited the admiration of Signor Donati. The lips, already appeared as if they could speak, and the light and airy folds of the drapery heightened the graceful beauty of the form. Its completion was the beginning of fame and fortune to the artist. His kind patron did not fail to point out its beauties to those who flocked to see it, and the approbation of so celebrated an amateur had the natural result of producing on them a favorable impression.

It was a dark, misty evening and the Countess and Julia had for half an hour been momentarily expecting the arrival of De Boulogne. The Countess had a volume of her favorite Petrarch lying by her side, to which she had marked a number of passages for him to read aloud, and the fingers of Julia wandered restlessly over the golden strings of her harp, as she listened to the footsteps of some solitary passenger. But he came not. "Something must have happened," so both of the ladies thought, though, as yet, they did not express their fears to each other. A quarter of an hour was added to the half hour, and then, still another. The Countess took up a little silver bell and rang it with an energy that sent its clear tones through the long, dim corridors, to the remotest apartments. A servant speedily answered the musical summons, whom the Countess ordered to repair to the studio of Jean de Boulogne, and if the artist were there, to deliver, him a few lines which she had hastily written. The servant departed, but after an absence of five minutes returned in haste. He held a mantle in his hand stained with blood, which he said became entangled with his feet, and caused him to stumble a few minutes after he left the house. The moment they beheld it, the ladies knew it belonged to Ludovico. Julia turned pale. She felt certain that there had been a rencounter between him and Jean, and he had probably fallen by her lover's hand.

Other servants were immediately summoned, and being provided with torches, were sent forth to examine the spot where the mantle had been found. In a short time they returned, bearing the body, not of Ludovico, but Jean. The blood was flowing freely from a wound above his temple, saturating his rich and clustering hair, and staining his cheek and neck. He had fainted and without waiting for the arrival of the leech, who had been sent for the Countess and Julia made every effort to restore him to life. As they were chafing his hands and temples, and administering other approved remedies, Ludovico rushed into their presence, with his hair disordered, his dress soiled and torn, and a handkerchief bound round his right hand.

"I have been hard beset," said he, "but have escaped with my life."

"Who has attempted your life?" said the Countess, calmly confronting him.

"Your amiable protege," he replied, "but the villain has escaped."

"Yes he has escaped death, I think," said the Countess.

Till this moment, the agitation of Ludovico had prevented him from noticing that there was anything singular in the presence of so large a number of servants, who grouped round the couch, where Julia was still bending over the young sculptor, concealing him from view. At a signal from the Countess, they stepped aside and disclosed his pale and bleeding form. He had begun now to exhibit signs of returning life, and Ludovico after regarding him for a moment with a look that might have belonged to a demon, turned on his heel and left the house.

Before De Boulogne had so far recovered from the effects of his wound as to make it prudent for him to be removed from the dwelling of the Countess, Julia's guardian, Count Bentano, returned to the city. Immediately after his return, and before he had time to visit his ward, Ludovico sought an interview with him, and succeeded in making him fully believe that De Boulogne had attempted to assassinate him and that the wound from which the former was then suffering had been inflicted in self defence.

In a state of the most angry excitement Count Bentano hastened to the residence of the Countess, and demanded that De Boulogne should be instantly removed. This the Countess positively refused as it might not only retard his recovery, but endanger his life. She also expressed her full belief in the innocence of the crime laid to her charge by Ludovico, whom she strongly inited was the person really guilty. Though he had no power to control the Countess, Julia was subject to his authority, and alike heedless of the remonstrances of the one and the tearful reluctance of the other, he caused her to take up her abode at his own dwelling.

Count Bentano was one of the wealthiest citizens of Rome, and it was well known that he destined it was his intention that his nephew should enter into immediate possession of the whole of his property. He had commanded Julia to receive Ludovico as her lover, but as of late, he had been almost always absent, this occasioned her but little annoyance. His greatest anxiety was on account of De Boulogne, whom her guardian threatened to arraign on the charge of an attempt to assassinate his nephew, as soon as his health would permit him to appear before the tribunal. It was not long before her fears were relieved, for she found that although De Boulogne had appeared abroad, he remained unmolested.

Late one evening as Julia was passing from one apartment to another, a servant maid thrust a piece of paper into her hand, saying as she did so, that she found it buried beneath the embers which she was removing from a chafing dish, in Signor Ludovico's chamber. Julia hastened to her own room and read as follows

"I can wait no longer for the hundred sequins you promised me. You say that you cannot pay me while Count Bentano is alive. Promise to add another hundred sequins to the one you owe me, and the obstacle will be removed. The two hundred you will recollect, is only what I was to have had I succeeded in dealing more surely with the young—"

Here the paper was so much burnt, that only here and there a word was legible. Admonished the count's chamber —and one or two others attached phrases of which nothing could be made alone remained. It was addressed to Ludovico but the artless maid unaccustomed to the use of letters, had not only carried with it as reward to his own bosom, but that which he hoped would transform an enemy into a friend. He also felt happy in having obtained a sight of Julia, whose looks assured him, that her sentiments towards him remained unchanged.

Count Bentano's first care was to station several men well armed, in his sleeping-chamber, and then, causing all to retire to rest, the lights were extinguished except one, which he placed in a closet communicating with his apartment. He then laid down without undressing. He soon found that his precautions had not been in vain. A little after midnight he heard the key turn in the lock of his chamber door. Soon afterwards the door was softly opened, and he could discern the dim outline of a man stealing towards his bed. When he had reached its side he turned a dark lantern in such a manner as to throw the light on the face of his intended victim. His next movement was to grasp a stiletto. The bright steel flashed as he threw back his hand, but ere it had time to descend, Count Bentano had sprung from the bed, and the assassin was in the custody of the armed men, who, at the right moment had rushed from their place of concealment.

"Tell me the name of your employer," said the Count, bending over the wretched culprit.

"Your nephew," was the reply which came re-luctantly from his ashy lips.

As he pronounced these words, a masked figure that a moment before had appeared at the door, darted rapidly away.

"Pursue him," said the Count, "its Ludovico."

Two of the men hastened to obey his orders, but the guilty young man succeeded in eluding them.

The sunshine now broke through the cloud, which of late, had been hovering over the young sculptor. The very next day Count Bentano sent for him.

"I owe you much," said the Count, "and as a slight recompense, I intend to make you my heir in the room of my nephew, though not without you comply with a certain condition."

"I shall certainly feel myself bound to comply with any reasonable condition," replied de Boulogne.

"Julia come hither," said the Count, opening a door that led into an adjoining apartment. "The condition is," said he, when Julia had entered the room, "that you promise to receive Ludovico's promised bride."

"And one that I shall fulfil with all my heart," replied the artist—if I can obtain her consent."

Julia with a face radiant with tears and smiles, answered by placing her hand within that of the young sculptor.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTY.

SCHOENBRUNN—THE VIENNA FOREST—THE DANUBE—LUXURY OF TRAVELLING—AMERICAN SCENERY—THE ALPS—GIPSIES—ENNS—LINZ.

Linz, on the Danube, June 4th, 1845.

We passed out of Vienna in the face of one of the strongest winds it was ever my lot to encounter—it swept across the plain with such force that it was almost impossible to advance, till we got under the lee of a range of hills. About two miles from the barrier we passed Schoenbrunn, the Austrian Versailles. It was built by the Empress Maria Theresa, and was the residence of Napoleon in 1809, when Vienna was in the hands of the French. Later, in 1832, the Duke of Reichstadt died in the same room which his father had dwelt in. Behind the palace is a magnificent garden, at the foot of a hill covered with rich forests, and crowned with an open pillared hall, 300 feet long, called the *Glorietta*. The colossal eagle which surmounts it, can be seen a great distance. Adjoining the gardens is a very large menagerie belonging to the Emperor, which is always open for visitors.

The lovely valley in which Schoenbrunn lies, follows the course of the little river Vienna into the heart of that mountain region lying between the Austrian Alps and the Danube and called the Vienna Forest. Into this our road led between hills covered with wood, with here and there a lovely green meadow, where herds of cattle were grazing. When we left the course of the little stream, the valleys became broader, and we passed several fine villages. We passed about sunset over the Reichenberg, and were startled by the view from its summit. The valley stretched for many a mile before, shut in by forest hills, and bounded in front by lofty mountains, while far, far to the right wound the Danube, through a plain dotted with villages and woods.

The third day we came to his side again at Melk, a little city built under the edge of a steep hill, on whose summit stands the palace-like abbey of the Benedictine Monks. Near the city stand two great buttons which Napoleon erected after the battle of Wagram. The old fears must have had a merry ride of it at that time, for the wine-cellar of the abbey furnished the French army [illegible] measures for several days in succession. The shores of the Danube here are extremely beautiful. A little city lies on the opposite side, with a great castle frowning above it, and the hills, covered with vineyards and forests rise behind. The valley where it spread out, was filled with groves, but where the hills approached the stream, its banks were rocky and precipitous, like the Rhine. Although not so picturesque as the latter river, the scenery of the Danube is on a larger scale. On the south side the mountains bend down to it with a majestic sweep, and there must be delightful glances into the valleys that lie between, in passing down the current.

But we soon left the river again, and journeyed on through the enchanting inland vales. To give you some idea of the glorious enjoyment of travelling through such scenes, let me copy a leaf out of my journal, written as we rested at noon on the top of a lofty hill.—Here, while the delightful mountain breeze that comes fresh from the Alps cools my forehead, and the pines around are sighing their eternal anthem, I seize a few moments to tell what a paradise is around me. I have felt an elevation of mind and spirit, a perfect rapture from morning till night, since we left Vienna. It is the brightest and balmiest June weather, an ever fresh breeze sings through the trees and waves the ripening grain on the verdant meadows and hill-slopes, and the air is filled with bird-music. The larks sing up above us out of sight, the bullfinch wakes his notes in the grove, and at night the nightingale pours forth her thrilling strain. Then the meadows are literally covered with flowers—beautiful purple salvias, pinks such as we have at home in our gardens and glowing buttercups color the banks of every stream. I never saw richer or more luxuriant foliage. Magnificent forests clothe the hills and the villages are imbedded in fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers. Sometimes we go for miles through some enchanting valley, lying like a paradise between the mountains, while the distant, white Alps look on if from afar, sometimes over swelling ranges of hills, where we can see to the right the valley of the Danube, threaded by his silver current and dotted with white cottages and glittering spires, and beyond the blue mountains of the Bohemian Forests. To the left, the range of the Styrian Alps stretches along the sky, summit above summit, the farther ones robed in perpetual snow. I could never tire, gazing on these glorious hills. They fill the soul with a conception of sublimity, such as one feels when listening to triumphal music. They seem like the mighty domes of a mighty range of temples where earth worships her Maker with an organ-anthem of storms!

There is a *luxury* in travelling here. We walk all day through such scenes, resting often in the shade of the fruit trees that line the road, or on a mossy bank by the side of some cool forest. Sometimes for enjoyment as well as variety, we make our dining place by a clear spring instead of within a smoky tavern, and our simple meals have a relish an epicure would die to attain. Away with your railroads and steamboats and mail-coaches, or keep them for those who have no eye but for money! With my knapsack and pilgrim staff, I ask not their aid. It a mind and soul full of rapture with beauty, a frame in glowing and vigorous health, and slumbers unbroken even by dreams, are blessings any one would attain, let him pedestrianize it through Lower Austria!"

I have never been so strongly and constantly reminded of America, as during this journey. Perhaps the balmy season, the same in which I last looked upon the dear scenes of home, may have had its effect; but there is besides a richness in the forests and waving fields of grain, a wild luxuriance over every landscape, which I have seen nowhere else in Europe. The large farm-houses, buried in orchards, scattered over the valleys, add to the effect. Everything seems to speak of happiness and prosperity.

We were met yesterday by a band of wandering Bohemian gypsies,—the first of the kind we had seen. A young woman with a small child in her arms came directly up to me, and looking full in my face with her wild black eyes, said, without any preface "Yes, he too has met with sorrow and trouble already, and will still have more. But he is not false—he is true and sincere, and will also meet with good luck." Then she continued speaking on in the same tone, saying she could tell me three numbers with which I should buy a lottery ticket and win a great prize. I told her I had nothing to do with the lottery, myself; bound to buy no ticket, but she kept on, saying "Has he a twenty-kreuzer piece?—will he give it? Lay it in his hand and make a cross over it, and I will reveal the numbers!" On my refusal, she became angry and left me, saying "Let him take care—the third day something will happen to him!" The old, wrinkled hag made the same proposition to my companion, but with no better success. They reminded me very much of our Indians; their complexion is a dark brown, and their eyes and hair are black as night. These belonged to a small tribe who wander through the forests of Bohemia, and support themselves by cheating and stealing.

We stopped last night at Enns a small city on the river of the same name, which divides Upper from Lower Austria. After leaving the beautiful little village where we passed the night before, the road ascended one of those long ranges of hills, which stretch off from the Danube towards the Alps. It was covered with thick pine woods and the road-side and banks were brilliant with mountain-flowers. We went along for miles over the broad and uneven summit, enjoying the enchanting view which opened on both sides. If we looked to the right, we could trace the windings of the Danube for twenty miles, his current filled with green wooded islands, and white cities lying at the foot of the hills, which covered to the summit with grain-fields and vineyards, extended back, one behind the other, till the farthest were lost in the distance. It was very glad we had taken the way from Vienna to Linz by land, for from the heights we had a view of the whole course of the Danube, and enjoyed besides, the beauty of the inland vales and the far-off Styrian Alps. From the hills we passed over we could see the snowy range as far as the Alps of Salzburg—some of them seemed robed to the very base in their white mantles. In the morning the glaciers on their summit glittered like stars, it was the first time I had ever seen the sun reflected at a hundred miles distance!

On descending we came into a garden-like plain, over which rose the towers of Enns, built by the ransom money paid to Austria for the deliverance of the Lion-hearted Richard. The country legends say that St. Florian was thrown into the river by the Romans in the third century, with a mill-stone bound his neck, which, however, held him above the water like cork, and he hushed, gratified people by them a sermon. In the village we saw, as we passed, his image painted on the houses, in the act of pouring a pail of water on a burning building, with the inscription beneath—"O, holy Florian pray for us!" This was supposed to be a charm against fire. In Upper Austria it is customary to erect a shrine along the road, wherever an accident has happened, with a painting and description of it, and an admonition to all passers-by to pray for the soul of the unfortunate person. On one of them, for instance, was a cart with a wild ox, which a man was holding by the horns; a woman kneeling by the wheels appeared to be drawing a little girl by the feet from under it and the inscription stated "By calling on Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the girl was happily rescued." Many of the shrines had images which the people no doubt in their ignorance and simplicity, considered as holy, but they seemed to us impious and almost blasphemous, and I will not shock the reverence of any one by mentioning them.

From Enns we came this morning to Linz. As we passed over the plains we saw on a hill to the left, the Castle of Tillysburg presented by the Archduke Ferdinand to Marshal Tilly. The peasant girls on their broad straw hats were weaving the young wheat looking as cheerful and contented as the larks who sang above them. The little village of Ebelsberg on the Traun, which brings its green waters from the Alps to join the Danube, was the scene of a bloody contest between the French and Austrians in the last war, and the houses still bear marks of it. A mile or two from Linz we passed one or two of the round towers belonging to the new fortifications of the city. As walls have grown out of fashion, Duke Maximilian substituted an invention of his own. The city is surrounded by thirty-two towers, one to three miles distant from it, and so placed that they form a complete line of communication and defence. They are sunk in the earth and surrounded with a ditch and earthworks, and each is capable of containing ten cannon and three hundred men. The pointed roofs of these towers are seen on all the hills around. We were obliged to give up our passports at the barrier, the officer telling us to call for them in three hours at the City Police Office, and we have spent the intervening time very agreeably in rambling through this gay cheerful-looking town. With its gilded spires and ornamented houses with their green latticed-blinds it reminds one strongly of Italy or at least of what Italy is said to be. The heights of the Danube look down on it from the opposite bank and the Alps fill the whole southern horizon, so that in Summer it must be a pleasant place of residence. It has now quite an active and business like aspect occasioned by the steamboat and railroad lines which connect it with Vienna, Prague, Ratisbon and Salzburg.

J. B. T.

ORIENTAL.—We found the following in our office box this morning. It does not concern us at any rate. Those whom it does concern can learn the address by applying. Doubtless the old lady in every way suitable, and would perform her interesting duties admirably wherever she is "wanted."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Maiden an aged person wishes a situation such as you inherits for has been a monthley nurs in the old country for 15 years can give good city reference apply ——

Thrilling Story.

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on Lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea-lakes for which America is famous, and as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in, one after another, you might well think you were looking on the great ocean itself. The Jersey—for that was the name of the steamer—was dressed gaily with many bright flags, the Blue Peter, the signal of her immediate sailing, was at her maintmast head; porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and for wards to look for their luggage; friends shaking hands and bidding each other farewell; others lounging about with their hands in their pockets; car drivers jangling for a larger fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering-place.

But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day, and, as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation of politics, some sat apart and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house, some were wrapt up in the book with which they were engaged and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that no danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.

It drew towards hour in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards—Erie, the place to which it was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel—a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a wintry tempest. He had truly learned to be contented with his situation, none could say that they ever heard him repine at his hard labor and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown—cost often enough, into bad company, he tried, at least and generally succeeded, to say something for it good. He was known from one end of Lake Erie to the other by the name of Honest John Maynard and the secret of his honesty to his neighbors was—his love of God.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from the cabin, cried out to a sailor—

"Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?"

"It's from the engine room, sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you, then, and let me know," said the captain.

The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came again with much greater speed.

"The hold's on fire, sir," he said to the captain, who, by this time, was standing close to him.

The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow, no one had seen the accident, and now not only more of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in smouldering flame.

All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together, and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold buckets of water were passed and repassed; they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on the other side to be refilled.

For some minutes it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women on board were conferring round John Maynard the only man seemingly employed who was capable of answering their questions. "How far is it to land?" "How long shall we be getting in?" "Is it very deep?" "Can they see us from shore?" The boldest man answered all as well as he could. There was no boat at had been left at Buffalo to be mended; they might be seven miles from shore they would probably be in forty minutes; he could not tell how far the fire had reached. "And to speak the truth," he said "we are all in great danger, and I think if there was a little less talking, and a little more praying, it would be better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How's her head?" shouted the captain.

"West-nor-west sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her south by west," cried the captain.

"We must go on shore anywhere."

It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more fiercely against the saloon, and the partitions between it and the hold were soon on fire. Then how wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight, and the captain seeing this ordered all the women forward the engineer put on his most steam, the American flag was run up and reversed in token of distress, water was flung over the sails to make them hold the wind. And still John Maynard stood by the wheel though now he was cut off by a sheet of smoke and flames from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat, the engineers fled from the engine room, the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow, the sailors were sawing planks on which to lash the women, the boldest were throwing off their coats and waistcoats, and preparing for one long struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer and plainer, the paddles as yet worked well, they could not be more than a mile from the shore, and boats were even now starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir" said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I can try, sir."

And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer, a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him, and his hair was singed—his blood seemed on fire with the great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles cracked in the flame; and then he stretched forth his right and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats, the cry of the captain. "The women first, and then every man for himself and God for us all!" And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known; whether dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavoring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense

United States SATURDAY POST.

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A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail and small notes of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this once formidable item, a comparatively unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family Journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable fire-side companion, cannot do better than to send on their names as subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where clubs are formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post when requested to do so—for postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The reader will see that our paper makes its appearance, this week, in an improved dress. Apart from the increased beauty of its looks, it will be found less painful to the eyes especially at night, and this is a subject of importance, as well to our new and young friends, as to those who have stood by the "Old Post" for the last two and twenty years!

The original story is by Mrs. Orne, a lady whom we shall hereafter rank among our regular contributors. "The Helmsman of Lake Erie," is a thrilling sketch, which we know our readers will re-peruse, even if they have seen it before. On our fourth page will be found a most agreeable variety, where fun, sentiment and poetry amuse and instruct in turn—we shall, hereafter, bestow great attention in this department of "The Post," in order to make it the most choice miscellany to be found in any family journal. The "Wayside Sketch," we need not recommend: our friends have discovered before now, that those letters are the best written by any traveller now abroad. In the inside are some extracts furnished by Dr. Durbin, well known to the American public as one of the most able divines in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It must be a dull heart that does not warm at his descriptions of Sinai and Bethany!

We are not much given to garrulous talking of ourselves, so we may be pardoned when occasionally we grow egotistical. But we are not going to speak of what relates to ourselves so much as of what relates to the reader. We have now been the leading family journal of the United States for nearly the whole of one generation: we have seen newspapers born, flourish and die—others rise out of their ashes and expire—and still others follow in their train, but we have never been shaken. In all that time a few rivals only have succeeded in establishing themselves. Occasionally some or other of the novelties of the day have seduced a few of our readers away, but they have returned again speedily, and ever after adhered to the "Old Post." In that term there is something familiar and endearing. What a crowd of associations the name calls up! When a boy, the paper used to come to our family every Saturday, and we still remember the eagerness with which we waited its appearance, and the scramble there was sometimes among us youngsters which should get it first. And ours—far away in the country—we have sat at the road-side for hours waiting the arrival of the stage which brought us the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Now that the winter is setting in, and the long cozy evenings at hand, a family newspaper, like the "Post," is indispensable to every household. When we consider the small cost of such a journal, and reflect on the luxury it becomes at a fireside, we are astonished, not that our list is so great, but that it does not embrace every family in the country. To be without a newspaper is a positive evil. Every family indeed should have two, the county one for local affairs, and a Philadelphia weekly for the literature and news of the great world. We think we can promise that, for the ensuing winter, none of the "great weeklies" will equal the "Post." We shall publish a series of original tales, during the ensuing six months, of the choicest kind—the subjects chiefly domestic and practical, with one or two thrilling tales of the Revolution. Our Congressional news will be attended to by a competent hand; and all the other departments of the paper prepared with taste, industry and care.

Those of our readers, therefore, who have been in the habit of borrowing the paper, cannot do better than subscribe at once for the "Post." Our old friends, who will interest themselves to procure additional subscribers, will reduce the price of their own subscription, by taking advantage of the terms offered for clubs. To Post Masters we are under great obligations. They have our hearty thanks. Their favors we shall be glad to reciprocate whenever opportunity affords. And to all and singular, our parting words are be honest be happy, and—*take the newspaper!*

BE POLITE!

Be polite! It is as easy to speak or look pleasantly, as it is to use harsh words or wear a scowling brow. No one ever lost by being courteous. It is said that the great Duke of Marlborough owed his success in life rather to his urbanity than to his abilities, great as they were. A celebrated historian attributed the fall of Napoleon in part, to the alienation of his marshals, produced by his imperiousness and harshness during the latter years of his reign. In common life you daily see the advantage of a kind word. Between man and wife it is invaluable. Many a heart burning that has embittered life might have been assuaged by a kind word. Have you ever lost your mother? If you have, did not the harsh words you spoke to her, rise up before you as you knelt by her coffin? Father, you have children! A kind word may correct their little faults, when harsh reproof would make them strong in sin. How many friends have been alienated forever by a hasty word. How many quarrels, that ended in bloodshed, might have been averted by a kind word. Take care, your tongue sows hatred arrows which will yield a thousand fold. Many an unconsidered remark has made an enemy for life, and those who speak thoughtlessly have such enemies all around them. Why is it that your neighbor gets on smoothly in life, is liked always invariably turning up wherever one is needed, while you struggle on, with none to care for you, as you say, "the most unlucky dog alive?" We can tell you. He has made friends continually by his affable demeanor, while you have alienated everybody by your moroseness. Take our advice. Be civil—be kind. You will then win esteem and affection, and enjoy a happiness you have yet never known.

A LITTLE EXCITED.

Notwithstanding that Philadelphia is the great literary metropolis of the country, some of the New York "intellectuals" especially the magazine writers, complain that "all the talent" is confined to their city. New Gotham is well enough in its way. It is a great place for buying and selling, boasting, clapping and buzzing. For firing a few *de jose* on the 4th of July, or running a man down with an omnibus because he will not ride, it has no superior. But in literary, scientific and musical affairs, it is often sadly deficient. Their critics very often find themselves out of their depth, and mass up in woody obscurity what they want in acumen. Here is an instance. The writer is speaking of Leopold De Meyer's piano playing:—

"Such a storm of Cyclopean force with goodness! tenderness!—and grieving sorrowfulness with the most delicate precision—never has before been witnessed. So astounding is the inexhaustible strength with which he binds his soul into the instrument that she remains for a moment crushed and shrieking in her agony. But she soon regains her beautiful proportions, again to be tortured and expire in the storm of musical thunder which tosses around."

INCENDIARY CAUGHT.

A Mrs. Wheeler, of Stratford, Conn., arrested on incendiary on Sunday week. On seeing her early she saw a light in a barn near the house. She immediately called her husband, who went out and found a man in the act of setting fire to the hay and straw upon the barn floor. In attempting to arrest him a scuffle ensued, and Mr. W. was thrown down. In the meantime Mrs. Wheeler came out with a pail of water, extinguished the fire, and went to her husband's aid. She broke the pail over his assailant's head, and after a good deal of exertion the fellow was secured.

FROM MEXICO.

By the arrival of the steamer Mississippi at Pensacola, with despatches, we have news from Vera Cruz to the 24th of October, and from the city of Mexico to the 12th ult. The general tenor of the intelligence, according to the Washington Union, is favorable to peace. The New Orleans *Bee* says: "It appears that the Princeton took out despatches from the American Government, the object of which is to suspend further difficulties, by requiring a renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries, or in default of this, to commence open hostilities. The despatches received, in return, render it probable that amicable relations will soon be restored.

The late French Minister, Baron de Cypcey, has had an unpleasant affray in the theatre of the city of Mexico, with one of the editors of the *Siglo XIX*. The populace were quite excited in consequence, and the military had to be called out to prevent the sacking of the Baron's house, and protect his person from violence. The Government sent him a note, requesting him to leave the country, as his passports were already made out.

The Government of Mexico is plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties. A powerful party clamors for the overthrow of the present Administration. They ask not only a change in the Cabinet, but that Gen. Herrera himself should resign and retire to private life. Senora, too, is in a state of insurrection.

The Camanches have renewed their incursions into the Departments of Durango. They penetrated by three distinct routes and in strong force, about the middle of September. They butchered and plundered, as usual, carrying off numbers of prisoners, and cattle and horses. Only the earliest of their ravages were well ascertained, but every day brought news of fresh atrocities. The inhabitants were in a state of consternation, and had called upon Government for aid in establishing a chain of posts to hold in check the savages. The authorities of the department had exhausted all its means in staying the progress of the evil. The Mexicans say the Americans have instigated the Camanches, and furnished them with arms.

The Supreme Government has effected a loan of half a million of dollars from the house of Mackintosh & Co. The terms of the loan have not transpired, nor is it said whether it is a part of the fifteen million loan.

It was reported at New Orleans, the day after the arrival of the Mississippi was known, that the Mexicans had offered to withdraw their forces from the frontier, if the U. S. Government would order their troops also to retire. They would also, forthwith pay up the instalments due on the indemnity, and acknowledge the independence of Texas.

CHINESE THIEVES.

The return of the embassy from China has spread a large amount of information before the public, respecting the religion, laws, and manners of the Chinese. Mr. Fletcher Webster's Lectures on China attracted considerable attention in New York. On our last page will be found some interesting intelligence, gathered from these lectures. Mr. Webster states that while in China, the legislation suffered not a little from thieves. Now the Chinese thieves are even more expert than ours. They strip themselves, oil their persons, fill their hair, the only part by which they can be seized, with sharp knife blades, and thus prepared, never enter a room except where there is a light; thus reversing the practice of their profession in western countries. Indeed, in China, which is the antipode of the western hemisphere, every thing must be reversed. Their night is our day, their west our east, two friends when they meet shake their hands *at* each other—a sale practice certainly, where, as in China, cutaneous diseases are common; their mourning dress is white; their compass points to the south; they put their saucers on the top of their cups; they are certain that the sun goes round the earth; and they know that the earth is flat and square. Parents are rewarded for the virtues of their children, and, indeed, they have every thing peculiar to themselves, and of course the habits of their *things* must be peculiar likewise.

Mr. W. says that one of the Legation in a warm night, left the window of his bedroom, which was on the second floor, open. Thieves, by the aid of a bamboo, entered, saw by the light that he was asleep, secured his loaded pistol and his sword, and then at their leisure quietly stripped the room of every movable which it contained. The property might have been recovered on application to the authorities, but knowing that this would inflict punishment upon guiltless persons, the gentleman preferred to lose his property and so let the guilty escape. Somebody is always held responsible in China for every offence that may be committed. When a man takes a house he takes also a steward who has some property, which he gives as a pledge for his honesty. He is hired by the month, and has charge of everything in any way connected with the domestic affairs of the household. He hires all the servants, is responsible for them, holds all the keys, and relieves the owner of every possible care. If any thing is lost or stolen he must replace it and he, in turn, holds all his underlings responsible to him. If anything is destroyed by that with us so mischievous person—nobody—the servants must combine to make it up, and in the case of theft already mentioned, had the loser of the goods followed it up, the watchmen of the establishment would have been held responsible. By this system one great point, always aimed at by legislators, is secured, namely—the certainty of punishment in every crime. Some one is sure to be held responsible. As rain is proportioned to the evaporation, so is punishment to crime, and in China punishment, like rain also, falls upon the just and the unjust.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The Magnetic Telegraph Company, at its late meeting in Washington, elected Amos Kendall President pro tem. Mr. Kendall stated to the company that he was in negotiation with gentlemen in the city of New York, for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum of money to extend the line of telegraph from Philadelphia to Baltimore. He also reported that the line of telegraph between the cities of New York and Philadelphia was in great for wardness, and would probably be completed and open for the transmission of intelligence in a few weeks. Notwithstanding this, however, a letter from Washington, informs us that the telegraph between Baltimore and Philadelphia will scarcely be completed this season.

At the meeting of the Company the following rates of charge between New York and Philadelphia were agreed on.

For the transmission, writing out, and delivery, of every communication, not exceeding ten words, every figure being counted a word, exclusive of the signature and address, and the directions of the writer as to the disposition of the communication—

50 miles and under,	10 cents
Over 50 and not over 100 miles,	20 "
From New York to Philadelphia,	25 "
From Philadelphia to New York,	25 "
For all distances over 100 miles,	25 "

For every addition not exceeding ten words the same rate of charge will be made as on the first ten.

A NAVAL DEPOT.

Those who are acquainted with the number of American whalers in the Pacific Ocean, have been surprised that our Government has never taken any steps to establish a convenient naval depot there. The United States Journal commends to the attention of the Navy Department, the fact that twenty miles to the westward of the port of Honolulu, in the Island of Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands in the harbor of Pearl River, one of the best naval harbors in the world. There are no inhabitants in the vicinity, and with a little attention, it may be obtained by the Government of the United States as a naval rendezvous, and as a great gathering place for the whalemen and Indiamen of our country in time of peace or war. A steamer commanded by United States naval officers might carry a regular mail from Chagres to that rendezvous, transport officers and stores, and at the same time guard our Pacific commerce as effectually as a sailing frigate.

ERUPTION OF HECLA.

Mount Hecla, in Iceland, is again in eruption, after a silence of eighty years. It broke out on the night of Sept. 1st, when suddenly a frightful subterraneous grumbling filled the inhabitants with terror. The eruption continued till midday on the 2d, when the mountain burst in two places with a terrible crash, and vomited masses of fire. In former times these explosions came from the summit, where Hecla has no regularly formed crater; but this time torrents of lava flowed down two gorges on the flanks of the mountain. For the clouds of smoke and vapor the top of the volcano could not be seen. The sheep on the Iceland were driven down to the plains, but fell several of them were burnt. The waters of the neighboring rivers near the eruption became so hot that the fish were killed, and it was impossible for any one to fish them, even on horseback.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

It seems to be evident, by this time, that the general Government intends to assert the right of the United States to the whole territory up to 54-40 lines. The Washington Union—speaking officially, no doubt—says:

"The whole of Oregon or none—*this* is the only alternative as an issue of *territorial right*. We wholly deny the *locus* in the American note at latitude 49 deg. We hold that our title from 42 deg. to 54 deg. 40 min. is *one title*, and, as we believe, a perfect title against the world. As the question has been discussed for a quarter of a century between us and England, we are not aware of one argument—scarcely of one phrase purporting to be an argument—which carries our title up to 49 deg. and *there stops*. We claim as matter of right to territory drained by the Columbia river. In the view of the law of nations, this territory being unoccupied, has its distinctive character of vacancy or no region, in the fact that it is so drained. And as one region, we own it or do not own it."

The Union also denies that any proposition was ever made by the British Government, to let Oregon remain in *statu quo* for twenty years, and then her destiny to be decided by the wishes of her inhabitants.

The New York Express, a Whig paper, says meantime, that a letter has been received from Mr. McLane, our new minister at the British court, in which the opinion is confidently expressed that sinless President Polk beats a retreat from the position he has taken on the Oregon question, a war with England is inevitable. The ensuing winter will probably settle the question; but war will cripple both countries and demoralize both communities. May heaven aver it without the compromise of our rights or honor!

MORE MORMON TROUBLES.

The difficulties are not yet over in Illinois. About a fortnight since, the Sheriff of Rock Island went to Nauvoo, to arrest one of the Reddings, concerned in the murder of Col. Davenport. After Redding had been arrested, a rescue was attempted. The Mormons gathered round the sheriff, and in the melee Redding received a shot in the leg, the Sheriff a wound in the arm, and the prisoner escaped. We learn from the Quincy Whig that the Mormons in Nauvoo have actually defied the power of the State, and declared no more arrests shall be made in Nauvoo.

Col. Warren, with the force under his command was preparing to march into Nauvoo for the purpose of executing the writs against Redding, Bingham, Young and others; but we are not advised of the result of this attempt to enforce the law. It is said by the Whig, that Col. Warren is in possession of certain information, that a *bogus* manufactory is now, and was, before the death of the Smiths, in operation at Nauvoo; and that the Twelve, or some of them, are interested in it.

The trial of Backenstos, for the murder of Worrell, did not take place. Before the time of trial, Backenstos applied for a change of venue from Hancock, alleging that the Judge and people were prejudiced against him. The application was granted, and the case removed to Peoria county.

The Warsaw Signal says that three Mormon houses were burned last week in the south end of the county, by whom it does not know. The Signal censures such acts in strong terms.

THE COAL REGION.

There never was a period when the coal trade of this State was in a more flourishing condition. According to the Miner's (Pottsville) Journal, more steam engines, at the mines, have been erected during the present year than during any two preceding ones. It is probable that more than $1,000,000 have been expended in the region during the past year in making improvements of various kinds. At least six hundred new houses for miners have been built, exclusive of those in the large towns. The consequence has been an extraordinary activity in trade, and business of every kind has been unusually brisk. During the boating season of next year, says the Journal, we can and will send forty thousand tons of coal to market per week—the trade will steadily increase at the rate of between two and four hundred thousand tons per annum—and the prosperity and business of the region will gradually and steadily increase with the increase of the coal shipments. This is gratifying news to every Pennsylvanian, for with the increase of our wealth, the chances of liquidating our State debt, will advance. In achieving so desirable a result, moreover, every citizen of the United States must take an interest, for all suffer, more or less, by the ubiquity of the non paying States.

GAMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Mr. R. H. Pease, No. 50 Broadway, Albany, has prepared and published several new and very interesting games for the amusement and instruction of the juvenile portion of community, and from which too "children of a larger growth" may derive much pastime, if not useful information. One of his latest and best is "A Biographical Game on the Distinguished Men of America," which we briefly noticed in last week's Post. The game comprises in its range, a brief summary of the history of the most eminent characters who have made themselves and their country illustrious—from Cotton Mather of the 17th century, to Adams, Clay, Webster and Jackson, of the 19th. Then we have the "Historical Amusement," a new and entertaining game of the History of England. Another game is the very laughable one of Professor Punch. "What d'ye buy?" We defy the most gloomy misanthrope to sit down and play this game through without shaking the blues out of him by hearty peals of laughter! The Game is as comic, from beginning to end, as its patron the renowned Punch himself. These games will go well for the holidays.

T. Homer No. 189 Chesnut street, is agent for the sale of these games in Philadelphia.

MESMERIZER OUTWITTED.

Every few weeks some new itinerant, professing to be a mesmerizer, "pitches his tent" in Philadelphia, and advertises an exhibition. The scenes at some of these assemblies are rather ludicrous. The other evening an exhibitor offered to select a boy from the crowd to experiment on: and a sturdy, ragged little fellow presented himself, who we at once set down for a news-boy in his Sunday clothes. In a short time the boy's arm was extended rigidly, apparently without the power of motion. "Can you move it?" asked the operator. "No, not," whispered the lad. "Now gentleman," said the mesmerizer, triumphantly, "if any man will place fifty cents on the floor, under the boy's arm, I will tell the lad he may have the money if he will pick it up." A man was instantly found to venture the fifty cents. "Now, boy, pick that up. If you can you may have it." "May I?" asked the lad, his eyes distending. The operator nodded. The boy was well at once. He jumped from his chair, picked the money, and went off amid the laughter of the multitude, and the discomfiture of the operator.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

An interesting account of his late visit to the Indian tribes was given by Mr Schoolcraft, at a last meeting of the N. Y. Historical Society. Among the Iroquois, or Six Nation Indians he had obtained a tradition of a ship-wreck on the coast at a period probably anterior to that of Columbus, which says that a ship struck the coast somewhere in the North. The strangers escaped to the shore, bringing some of their implements, and were well received by Great Falcon, and allowed to fortify one high hill after which they increased to a great people but were afterwards destroyed by a numerous enemy, who overran the country. The Tuscaroras say that this enemy was a great wild animal, and that the people were covered with leather bags. Mr. Schoolcraft supposed that the Falcons were an Indian tribe and that the leather bags were perhaps doublets. Such traditions as these, however, should be received with caution, especially at this late period of our acquaintance with the Indians. Why have none of the various travellers among the Indians heard of this before?

TO SANTA FE.

Year after year difficulties fall before the spirit of improvement like grass before the mower's scythe. A few years ago the journey from Saint Louis to Santa Fe was the work of months: it can now be performed in about three weeks. This change has been achieved by American enterprise. Different routes have been discovered and travelled, until paths have become well beaten roads: and the watering places are now so well known, that the traveller can always beforehand make his arrangements for commodious encampment. Formerly two large caravans crossed the plains in each year, one in the fall and one in the spring, but now companies of traders and adventurers are passing backwards and forwards every few weeks, and at almost every season of the year. A journey to Santa Fe, used to be considered an undertaking of great danger, it is now a trip of pleasure.

CANVASS BACKS.

The English have heard so much of our canvass back ducks, that they have a desire to taste them, and a gentleman in Baltimore has received an order from England for some to be sent over in one of the steamers.

OLE BULL.

Ole Bull gave his last concert in this city on Thursday evening "the proceeds were for the benefit of the poor." At an former visit here he has been received with such enthusiasm as on this last occasion. His concert, on Friday of last week, was densely crowded, and never did we behold our usually sedate citizens carried away so completely by excitement. At the conclusion of the piece to the memory of Washington, Ole Bull retired amid the most rapturous applause, but the shouts were so enthusiastic, and the calls for him so loud, that he finally returned. On his re-appearance, he addressed the audience, if broken English, as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Your kindness to me ever since my arrival in this country, has overwhelmed me. I cannot express my gratitude to you as I feel. Permit me, in return for your demonstrations, to present you with some flowers of my imagination, dictated by your kindness."

He then played a voluntary fantasia, which electrified the audience. For an impromptu it is considered the best thing ever heard within the walls of the Musical Fund Hall. In a week or two Ole Bull sails for Europe, probably never to return. His admirers have heard him for the last time. They part from him with regret, for unlike many foreigners of his vocation, he was distinguished by a modesty as loveable as his abilities were commanding. It is his intention to give another concert in New York before he sails for Europe. He does this at the solicitation of many citizens, who would hear once more his magic bow.

A BRUTAL ROBBERY.

A poor woman was robbed in Boston, on Sunday night last, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, her little all. The perpetrator was named Patrick Healy. On Saturday it seems, Mrs. Mooney, the person who was robbed, went up to Healy's bourding house, for the purpose of getting a small sum of money she had lent him. He promised to come and pay the same on Sunday night. True to his word he came on Sunday night, but with a far different purpose. While Healy was in the room, Mrs. Mooney had occasion to send her little girl after some bread, giving her a fifty cent piece. The child came back with the change, which Mrs. Mooney put into the bag with the rest of her money and put the bag between the beds. After this was done, Healy got up and said he would go out and get a bill changed, when he would come back and pay the borrowed money. As he did not return, the family retired to bed, but Mrs. Mooney was awakened between 12 and 1 o'clock by her child, who said some one was in the room. She then rose up in season to see the villian leaving the room, with her all. Healy was last seen at the Worcester Depot, on his way to New York.

NEW ROUTE TO CHINA.

The Concordia, La., Intelligencer, proposes a new route to China, by way of Charleston, Natchez, the Rio Grande, and the Gulf of California. The plan by an ocean visionary, and seems quite as feasible as that of Mr. Whitney, by railroad to Oregon. The distance from Charleston to Natchez is 700 miles, and a railroad is now completed to Montgomery, Alabama, which is but 300 miles from Natchez. That a road will soon be completed from Montgomery to the Mississippi, there is little reason to doubt. From Natchez, by way of the Rio Grande, to the Gulf of California, is 1,070 miles. The route from Charleston to the Pacific would by this means be accomplished in from *sixty to seventy hours*.

Boats of a large size are now carried over our Pennsylvania railroads. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility to conjecture that in less than ten years we may see advertised steamboats from Pittsburg for the Sandwich Islands and Canton, via. Natchez and the California Railroad.

MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

This convention is now in session. It is the first of the kind ever held in the United States. The subjects to be brought before it are embraced in the following enumeration.

1. On the Military and Naval resources of the Mississippi Valley, and its ability to create and sustain a steam Military Marine.
2. On the improvement of the Ohio river, and on the subject of a free Canal at the Falls of the Ohio.
3. On the improvement of the Mississippi river, and its tributaries.
4. On a Western National Armory.
5. On a National Ship Canal, to connect the Mississippi with the Northern Lakes.
6. On Mail Routes on the Western Rivers.
7. On a Military Road through the Public Lands in the Southwest.
8. On reclaiming the submerged grounds along the margin of the Western Rivers.
9. On the Growth of Cotton.
10. On Manufacturing in the South.
11. On the Completion of the Railroad from Charleston to Memphis.

CUBA AHEAD!

During the last few years Cuba has awoke from her long lethargy and started forward earnestly in the race of improvement. Companies are continually being formed to develope her vast resources, and place her in that rank among the nations which her natural wealth of soil justifies. But lately a new stride has been made by her capitalists. A Spanish company has been formed in Havanna, with a capital of $10,000,000 for working the marble quarries of the Isle of Pines. D. Juan Costa has been elected President of it. He is said to be an energetic and ingenious man, and has already left Havanna, to make the preparations necessary for commencing active operations. The quarries are said to be inexhaustible and the varieties of marble are numerous, and some of them extremely beautiful. Thus the spot which, thirty years ago, was the haunt of pirates will now be the busy scene of mechanical labor.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

A man was saved from the gallows in Boston, last week, by a singular method. He had injured a poor girl, and the crime was punishable by death. But on the morning of the trial, the attorney general rose and said he was unable to make out his case, for the girl had just become the wife of the prisoner, and thus rendered herself incapable of testifying against him. The prosecution was accordingly withdrawn. The culprit is now a gay bridegroom at large, enjoying his honeymoon, instead of being a prisoner in the dock on his trial, with the prospect of a hempen halter. "Singular as this occurrence may seem, there is no doubt," says the Post, "of the honesty and virtue of the girl, and of the truth of her charge against the prisoner, who had moreover confessed his guilt."

OUR SHIPPING.

Perhaps many of our readers are ignorant of the fact that, for several years past, British vessels have been gradually obtaining more and more of our trade to the exclusion of American shipping. They have now grown into an amount that claims the earnest attention of mercantile men. Of the cotton crop of the States south of Virginia, last year, forty-three per cent was taken to Liverpool by British ships. The total of British ships was two hundred and eighty-four. Americans three hundred and sixty seven. In Mobile and Savannah the British ships have had the largest share. At Mobile, the second cotton port of the South, British ships took one half, and at Savannah in the same proportion. Can nothing be done to remedy this state of affairs?

A BOLD WOMAN.

A remarkable feat was lately performed at Hawk's Nest, near Charlestown, by a lady from Mississippi. There is at that place a terrific precipice, eleven hundred feet high. Ten feet below the edge of this terrible height, which many men will not approach nearer than thirty yards, there is a bench of stone, of some dozen feet in circumference. To this rock, in spite of the expostulations of her affrighted husband, the lady descended. When she began to reascend her husband cried to her not to look back, and with his assistance she regained the summit, pale as her handkerchief. Her ambition was fully gratified, she had done what no other woman had ever done, or will ever do, and what she will never attempt again.

THE MISSOURI SHACKLES.

We related, a week or two ago, the slander of the London Times, in relation to the shackles found on board the wreck of the Missouri at Gibraltar. The joke of the affair is—if we may believe a contemporary—that those shackles were a part of "the spoils" which belonged to "the victors" when the British frigate Macedonian was captured during the last war. There were several hundred on board that ship when she was taken: some of them to keep a portion of her own crew in safety, the others to keep safe the Yankee prisoners, which she might have taken if she had not have been taken so soon herself.

THE MURDERER TIRRELL.

This man, the murderer of Mrs Bickford, in Boston has not yet been caught. Whoever arrests him will not only be entitled to the reward of $1,000 lately offered, but also to the reward of $2,000 for the detection of incendiaries, offered by the city authorities some months ago.

BURIED ALIVE.

As Mr. Craig Vanmeter, of Pittsgrove township, Salem county, N. J., was in the act of descending an old well, a few days since, the wall caved in both below and above, and buried him at the depth of about thirty feet. The well was some sixty feet deep, and at the time of the accident Mr. V. was suspended in the bucket about midway. The wall caved in about seven o'clock in the morning, when the alarm was given, and the neighbors began a search for what they deemed his dead body. At five o'clock in the afternoon they found him alive, and but very little injured, the stones having formed an arch over his head. His escape under the circumstances was truly wonderful.

A BUBBLE TO BURST.

The Railway Mania in England has rendered it necessary for the London Times to print an extra of a whole sheet daily, which is covered with advertisements of railway projects. The aggregate cost of these advertisements is said to be ten thousand dollars a day. From this fact some notion may be gathered of the extent of the railway mania in England. By and bye there will be a general "blow up," when thousands of families will be ruined.

The Holy Land.

LEAVES FROM SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

BY REV. DR. DURBIN.

Ascent of Mount Sinai—Washington's Birth Day in the Desert—Approach to Palestine—Hebron—The Cave of Macpelah—Bethlehem—Enthusiasm of a French Pilgrim—The Spot of the Nativity Unknown.

It was three miles from our position on Gebel Mousa to the summit of Sinai, which overlooks the plain El-Rahah. It took us three hours, with great fatigue and some danger, to reach it. No one who has not seen them can conceive the ruggedness of these vast piles of granite rocks, rent into chasms, rounded into smooth summits, or splintered into countless peaks, all in the wildest confusion, as they appear to the eye of an observer from any of the heights. But when we did arrive at the summit of Sinai, and cast our eyes over the wide plain, we were more than repaid for all our toil. One glance was enough. We were satisfied that here, and here only, could the wondrous displays of Sinai have been visible to the assembled host of Israel; that here the Lord spoke with Moses; that here was the mount that trembled and smoked in presence of its manifested Creator! We gazed for some time in silence; and when we spoke, it was with a reverence that even the most thoughtless of our company could not shake off. I read on the very spot, with what feelings I need not say, the passage in Exodus which relates the wonders of which this mountain was the theatre. *We felt* its truth, and could almost see the lightnings and hear the thunders, and the "trumpet waxing loud."

I had stood upon the Alps in the middle of July, and looked abroad upon their snowy empire. I had stood upon the Apennines, and gazed upon the plains of beautiful Italy; I had stood upon the Albanian Mount, and beheld the scene of the Œneid from the Circean promontory, over the Campagna, to the eternal city and the mountains of Tivoli; I had sat down upon the Pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the sacred city of Heliopolis, the land of Goshen, the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis, where Moses and Aaron, on the part of God and his people, contended with Pharaoh and his servants, the death of whose "firstborn of man and beast in one night filled the land with wailing; but I had never set my feet on any spot from whence was visible so much sacred ground, heightened by the silence and solitude that reign around, but infinitely more by the awful and sacred associations of the first great revelation in form from God to man. I felt oppressed with the spirit that seemed to inhabit the holy place. I shall never sit down upon the summit of Sinai again, and look upon the silent and empty plains at its foot; but I went down from the mount a better man, determined so to live as to escape the terrible thunders at the last day, which once reverberated through those mountains, but have long since given way to the Gospel of peace. I could scarcely tear myself away from the hallowed summit, and wished that *I too* could linger here forty days in converse with the Lord.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the third day after our arrival in Wady Mousa, our caravan was in motion, and, passing over the Plains of Aaron, we wound round to the southwest of Mount Hor, attaining about nine o'clock the summit of a ridge from which we looked back upon Petra on the east down into the Arabah on the west, and up to the tomb of Aaron, which impended above us. We had halted to look for the last time upon the desolate city into whose open sepulchres the sun was pouring floods of light when Mr. D. called aloud to him: "*Washington's birthday!* What a place for a round, and three cheers for our country and our Washington!" No sooner said than all dismounted, our sheikh's long spear was stuck in the ground for a standard, bearing aloft a handkerchief for our flag, the Arabs, with matchlocks charged to the muzzle, drawn up around it, and each of us with pistol in hand and faces homeward, waiting for the word. Up went a cap in the air, the platoon discharged the pieces in a round, and we left the thousand caves in the mountains repeating to the eagles screaming in the skies, "*Hurrah for Washington and America!*" Joys and sorrows are strangely mixed up in this world. The glee of the Bedouins, whom we had made to understand that Washington was our great sheikh, and that they had honored him, had not subsided when Salim rode up to me and announced that one of the camels had fallen under his burden, and was expiring in the path some few miles back, where he had just left the owner weeping over it. The poor fellow came to us no more.

Next morning betimes we commenced ascending the limestone mountains of Judea. The ascent was so steep that we accomplished it best on foot: but gaining the summit, what a scene opened before us! To the north the "hill country" expanded into a vast rolling region of hills and dales, in the midst of which we quickly descried Hebron, the city and cemetery of the patriarchs. Below us, to the south, the plains were alive with flocks going forth to pasture: the singing of birds was heard in every direction: the sun was coming up from behind the mountains of Moab, and pouring his sweet light over the undulating country, extending from the mountains of Judea, on which we were standing, some twenty miles southward, to the precipice of es-Sufah, which looks down upon the Desert, and from the Dead Sea on the east to Gaza on the west. This was the winter pasture-ground of Abraham when he watered his flocks at the Wells of Beersheba, while his mountain home was five hours hence in Hebron, and his summer pasturage extended from thence northward to Bethel.

As we approached Hebron, shrubs appeared on the hills, and the valleys were dammed up at intervals by stone walls to retain the water, and thus render the soil fertile. Presently we were in the midst of olive groves and vineyards, supported on the sides of the hills by terrace walls, and defended by rude stone towers. Venerable Arabs, in flowing patriarchal robes, were walking among them, superintending the pruners and vine-dressers. The women, half veiled, were washing at cisterns on the hillsides. Suddenly the hum of the town was heard and in a few minutes the minaret, towers, and massive walls of the venerable mosque appeared, covering the tombs of Abraham and Sarah. The spell which came upon me as my eyes were riveted on the venerable pile, endeavoring to penetrate into the cave of Machpelah beneath, was not broken until my camel halted near the "pool in Hebron." Here we pitched our tents on a green hillside before Mamre, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan (Gen. xxiii. 19.) It was some time before I became sufficiently calm and reflective to recall in order the sacred associations which I had formed in my childhood, and cherished in hours of most exalted devotion.

Shortly after leaving the pools from the summit of a ridge we suddenly descried the village of Beth. lehem sitting like a crown of light on a distant hill. The sensation was as sudden and powerful as that experienced at the sight of Sinai, but how different! The terrible front of Horeb inspired indescribable awe; the light and airy vision of Bethlehem of Judea filled the heart with joy. I felt assured that all over those gray hills the heavenly glory had shined on the night of the Nativity, when the angel of the Lord proclaimed to the affrighted shepherds, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" and the joyous announcement was confirmed and celebrated by the sudden appearance of "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." I rode silently forward, unwilling to hear the celestial music of the heavenly host as it swelled over the hills and expired far up amid the stars, when the divine choir returned into heaven to announce there the mysterious incarnation.

My reverry was broken by the halting of our caravan on the side of a hill where a rocky path diverges to the right, ascending to Bethlehem, while the larger track goes directly forward to Jerusalem. Thither convents and servants were sent to await us at the Jaffa Gate. We ascended the hill obliquely, and approached the "city of David" from the west, passing through olive-groves and vineyards, covering the terraced hills, and forming a pleasing girdle around the town. At a distance Bethlehem looked well, but upon entering it the agreeable vision was dispelled. The principal street was narrow and dirty, bordered, not by regular lines of houses, but rather by confused masses of cracked arches, half arches, rent walls, and small, dark stone cells for shops. Here and there was a good house, apparently constructed from the fragments of former buildings, whose ruins form a labyrinth in which the inhabitants burrow rather than dwell. The town has not recovered from the storming and pillage of the Egyptian army in 1834. The population is wholly Christian, and amounts perhaps to twenty-five hundred. They subsist on the produce of the hills and valleys around the town, and by a brisk trade in religious toys representing holy places, persons, or events, carved in wood cut from places consecrated by tradition, or on shells and pearl, or moulded in lead, pewter, silver, or gold. These trinkets are generally exposed to sale in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, having been previously consecrated by laying them on the tomb of Jesus. The appearance of the people in the street selling their little commodities did not relieve the forbidding aspect of the town. There was an old man wrapped in a coarse, tattered garment, and sitting on the ground, with a bushel of dirty wheat lying on a foul cloth between his legs. He sold it by the gallon. Hard by, a coarse-looking woman was offering some oranges for sale, and another a little rice. We exerted but little attention as we rode through the crowd to the convent on the northeast edge of the town.

The Convent is a fortress-like building, very irregular both without and within. Some parts of it are rather modern, and others very ancient, as the great church and chapels adjoining, the first of which is perhaps rightly ascribed to the Empress Helena. The nave has four rows of Corinthian pillars, upon which rests a framework of cedar supporting the roof. This gives it an unfinished, barn-like appearance. As we entered through a very small, strong door, the Catholic service was in progress in a side chapel, and although it was carelessly performed in unmeaning chant, yet it fell pleasantly on the ear, from its association with the place and our holy religion. Our aged French pilgrim knelt on the marble floor, and crossed himself, but just as he raised his dim eyes to the great altar, the service closed. He seemed disappointed, and reluctantly rose from his knees. As we came out of the Latin chapel, we heard the sound of the services in the Greek chapel. Above all the other parts of the chant were heard pronounced repeatedly and in an earnest tone, *Kurie eleison* (Lord have mercy on us.) Standing as we were immediately over the grotto of the Nativity, it was with difficulty that we restrained ourselves from following the example of our Greek servant Georgio, who fell on his knees, and cried out in good earnest, *Kurie eleison, Kurie eleison*, a gush of tears attesting his sincerity.

Two or three monks offered their services to show us the consecrated grotto in the living rock below the church; so taking each a lighted taper, we descended to the chamber of St. J

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

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Notices of New Works.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST, CHIEFLY IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR. *By John P. Durbin, D. D., author of "Observations in Europe." 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, and T. B. Peterson.* No. 98 Chestnut *Street.* We opened these volumes, full of the recollection of the "Observations in Europe," and satisfied that the author would be even more interesting on the new ground. Nor were we disappointed. Dr. Durbin is a correct and delightful observer, and all that he records is eminently worthy of perusal. We know no late book of travels so valuable as this one. The countries described abound with so many sacred associations, that even a commonplace traveller among them would be interesting, but in the hands of our author, Egypt, Syria and Palestine become vivid, enchanted regions. The volumes are embellished with numerous maps and engravings.

A principal charm of this work is the christian liberality of Dr. Durbin. Though firmly attached to his own sect, he has an enlarged charity for those who differ from him, and can unite in worship, alike his own sect with the Greek or others worshipping "after the manner of their fathers." The enthusiasm which he displays in visiting the celebrated palaces of Palestine, is especially delightful; yet this glow of feeling does not allow his judgment to be misled by fabricated legends or false relics. He is, on the contrary, a clear, sober, and by no means credulous critic on the authenticity of some of the venerated spots in Palestine. He differs, for instance, from the received opinion as to the locality of Zion, and quite discredits the claims of the two shown at Bethlehem. From the piece of the Holy Sepulchre extracts from his book, in another column, will gratify the reader and give him an idea of Dr. Durbin's style.

SHARS' PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.—The November and December Numbers of this work have just come to hand. They constitute the volume. The object of this beautiful and useful family work, is to give the public subjects, scenes, places, and persons, of our own and other lands. The first volume, now completed, comes up to the promises of the Prospectus, and its contents are a rich treat to the lovers of entertaining and useful matter. The reading matter descriptive of the Plates, is written with ability; and from the Prospectus of the next volume, and the great variety of interesting articles promised, it cannot fail to be a valuable addition to every family library. The editor says:—"Like those already before the public, the new volume of 'SHARS' FAMILY MAGAZINE,' for 1846, will be more splendidly illustrated with *from ten to fifteen engravings* in each number. It will embrace articles on *History, Natural History, Astronomy, Geography, Biography, Architecture, Mechanics, Agriculture, American Biography, &c., &c., &c.* The whole number of engravings at the conclusion of the volume will amount to between ONE AND TWO HUNDRED.

We perceive that MR SHARS offers to give a copy of his "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," a handsome volume of 453 pages, with 102 Engravings, to all New Subscribers who will send $2 in the next year, which is the subscription price of the Magazine alone. The "Revolution" can be mailed, under the new Post Office Law, at 25 cents per copy. The last work sells alone for $2 per vol.—*R. Sears, 128 Nassau street, N. Y.*

THE ORAL. *A Pure Gift for the Holy Days.* 1846. *Edited by John Keese. With illustrations by J. G. Chapman. New York: J. C. Keese, 124 Fulton street.* This is the only religious annual for 1846 which is entirely original, a fact which deserves mention and honorable remembrance. Neither trouble nor expense have been spared in getting up the book. The engravings are splendid, those by Chapman and the literature is from the best writers of our country. The binding is elegant and substantial. No Annual for 1846 is superior in typographical execution. Altogether we regard the "Opal" as eminently deserving patronage. it should have the preference over the English Annuals at least.

The engravings are nine in number, and all of Scriptural subjects. The vignette is very beautiful—"Rebekah" is a graceful picture—and "The Plague of Darkness" is finely and boldly conceived. We notice clergymen of different religious sects among the writers. "The Golden Cup," by Mrs. Jane L. Swift. "The Dominie," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury, "Bones in the Desert," by Anna C. Lynch, and "Laura Harrington," by Anne P. Dimes, are very well written. the other contributions we have not had time to peruse, but among their writers are Whittier Osgood, Gould, Mercur, Huffman, Pauding, Durbin, Mowatt and Schoolcraft.

This is the third year for which the "Opal" has been published. If the past volumes have been so successful, the present one deserves to be totally so. We cordially recommend it to the religious community.

THE HISTORICAL ESSAYS, *published under the title of "Die Aus D'Under Historiques," and Narrations of the Messengician Era: or Names of the Ninth Century. With an Autobiographical Preface. By M Augustin Thierry.* 1 vol. *Philadelphia:* Carey & Hart. 1845. The French historians are certainly more lively and picturesque in narrative than the English ones. we are acquainted with no writer who equals them in vivid portraiture. In the present volume there is at times the briskness of fiction combined with the most exact historical fidelity. The Historical Essays are on various subjects—"The Conquest of England by the Normans," "The Great Men of Cromwell's Rebellion," "The Revolution of 1688," &c. &c. The first narrative of the Merovingian Era carries the reader back to the earliest days of French history, presenting him with a succession of lively and brilliant pictures, as on a magic diorama. We find it difficult to lay down the book unfinished, after having once taken it up. The work is printed in the style of the British Essayists, issued by the same enterprising publishers.

MORSE'S CRONOGRAPHIC MAPS. *No 2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This number contains maps of Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and North Carolina, excellently printed in color from the latest and most accurate drafts. We have spoken of the character of this work before.

MUSIC: *Jullien's Chimes, Quadrilles and Nicholina Mazurka-music. Peterson & Co., New York and Philadelphia.* Both of these pieces are got up well the Quadrilles especially.

AN ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY. *Presenting, in a chronological series, the Rise, Progress, Revolutions, Decline and Fall of the principal States and Empires of the world. For the use of schools and families. By J. W. Tyson, A. B., Philadelphia: S. Augustus Mitchell,* 1845.—This is a new work, intended to stand in the same relation and occupy the same place in the study of History, which Maps do in the study of Geography. The arrangement is clear and compact; and we should think the Atlas would afford great facilities to children in the study of History. The work gives in a condensed form, the details of the most important events of History, with short biographies of eminent characters, and the age and country in which they lived. We are surprised to find, in looking over this Atlas, how much of our long forgotten historical knowledge has come back to the memory: the compact notes bringing to mind fuller details, as a map recalls the features of a country through which we have once passed.

THE ROSE; or, AFFECTION'S GIFT, FOR 1846. *Edited by Emily Marshall. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* This is a charming little annual for young folks. The embellishments are handsome engravings from steel, ten in number, and admirably selected. The frontispiece, "Cottage Children," is perhaps the gem of all. the "Little Gleaner" is also a beautiful picture. The contributions, in prose and verse, are excellent. Among the tales "Wallace's Oak," "Maurice and Genevieve," and the story of "Walter Roysdorf," are particularly interesting. Of the poems we must not speak in detail, for all of them are good. Indeed the editor has exhibited a rare talent in preparing "The Rose," and it would be unjust to her not to recommend this annual as one of the very best, though not perhaps one of the most pretending.

THE LONDON MEDICAL STUDENT. *Second Series. By "Pouch." With Illustrations by Leech.* 1 vol. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* Everything in this book—engravings, letter press and etchings—is of the mirth-moving kind. We recommend it for a fit of the blues.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. *By Ellen Pickering.* 1 vol. *Ferrett & Co., New York and Philadelphia.* Here is another of Miss Pickering's very readable fictions, got up in the usual excellent style of Messrs. *Ferret & Co.*

Foreign Varieties.

☞ The Basle Gazette publishes intelligence of the slipping of a mountain in the Grigons on the 7th ultimo. It occurred at Buschlaws, and carried away an entire forest of young trees. On the 14th another catastrophe of the same nature occurred—immense masses of rock were rolled into the valley. the inhabitants of which fled in the greatest consternation. The damage done is estimated at 400,000 francs.

☞ The King of Prussia has given directions for the purchase of the houses of the two reformers—Luther and Melanchthon—for the purpose of converting them into schools. His Majesty has also commanded that the doors of Luther's dwelling, which the French had in a great measure destroyed, should be replaced. They will be of metal richly embellished.

☞ The Duke of Wellington has issued a general order to the British army, prohibiting the formation of Temperance societies in any of the regiments, or in fact any societies at all; it being thought that societies of this sort have the effect of inducing designing men to use them as instruments for spreading disaffection and sedition among the men.

☞ The Duke d'Aumale, one of the French King's sons, had gone to Algiers with the new troops, to take part in the war, which is now to be one of vengeance as well as conquest.

☞ The British Navy, on the 11th ultimo had in effective service, 98 steamers, carrying 2691 guns, and 235 sailing vessels, carrying 3,732 guns. Of these latter 23 are ships of the line.

☞ The take of herrings all along the west coast of Ireland is so immensely abundant, that the people cannot procure salt in sufficient quantity to save them.

☞ The Duke of Buccleugh has closed Melrose Abbey to the public, in consequence of the chipping and defacing practised by mean and dishonest tourists.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Emperor of China has issued an edict in which he says he does not wish to exclude the christian religion from his dominions, but means to punish with rigor those who make that religion a cloak under which crimes are committed. He does not prohibit the building of Christian churches at any of the five ports open to European traders, but cautions Christians against introducing their views among his people.

☞ Days of Thanksgiving have been appointed this year as follows:

Charleston, S. C.,	Nov. 6	Massachusetts,	Nov. 27
Ohio,	Nov. 20	Connecticut,	Nov. 27
Kentucky,	Nov. 21	New Hampshire,	Nov. 27
Maryland,	Nov. 21	Vermont,	Dec. 4
Pennsylvania,	Nov. 27	Maine,	Dec. 4
New York,	Nov. 4	New Jersey,	Nov. 27
Rhode Island,	Nov. 27		

Casualties.

☞ The Shawneetown Gazette states that all the persons who were lost by the recent collision of the steamboats Lady Madison and Plymouth, on the Ohio river, were German emigrants. The Plymouth and her cargo are a total loss. The boat was cut clear through, and sank almost immediately, causing such a panic amongst the passengers as led many of them to jump overboard in their fright. It is supposed that twenty-five or thirty are missing. One whole family is gone. One poor woman saved two other women and a child. Another lost all her family.—The deck passengers who were saved number thirty or forty in number; lost all their property.

☞ A few days since, as the steamboat Andrew Jackson was passing the mouth of White River on her way up from New Orleans, she struck a snag which passed up through her guard and the cabin floor above, tearing away the Clerk's office and two or three state rooms, and that portion of the hurricane deck which covered them; besides considerably injuring one of the chimneys. In the wreck of the clerk's office the passenger and some other books belonging to the boat together with about $50 in money, were lost in the river.—The snag passed directly through the clerk's berth, but he happened not to be in it.

☞ On Friday evening, the 7th inst., as the agent and workmen of the Winchester and Potomac railroad attempted to remove some coal cars from the loaser to the upper depot at Harper's Ferry, the ironing gave way, and buried beneath huge mass of timber cars, &c., Mr. Brown, Agent of the road; Mr. Henry F. Gasker, William, son of Mr. Brown, and negro man Beverly, the porter of the cars, &c. Mr. Gasker and the son of Mr. Brown were taken from under the pile with life perfectly extinct. Mr. Brown's injuries are very great, and if he survives, it will be almost a miracle. Beverly, the negro man, is less injured.

☞ A most distressing accident occured at the village of Valatie, Columbia County, New York, a few days since. The daughter of Mr. Lucius Bisbee of that place, while attending her loom at one of the village mills got entangled by the hair of her head with the machinery. The entire scalp was torn from her head, and as low as the left eyebrow, which, with her scalp, came off her head in one entire piece. Dr. Marsh, who was called in to attend the afflicted girl, has but faint hopes of her recovery. A similar accident happened at a mill in the village a few days ago.

☞ The Wheeling Argus states that a few days since, a distressing accident occurred at the Anchor Iron Works, by which a German was seriously injured, causing, it is supposed, the loss of his eyes and endangering his life. A quantity of liquid metal was accidentally turned into a puddle or water, which caused an explosion, scattering particles of fire in every direction, and this German being in the way, it literally covered him with fire, burning his face, eyes and clothes.

☞ On Wednesday week, two men named Richard Keep and Thomas Boyd, employed in the Rolling Mill of Bissell & Semple, in Allegheny City, were so severely hurted by the overturning of a cinder carriage filled with melted iron, that their lives were first despaired of. They are still lying very low, but it is thought they will recover. Keep will probably lose his eyesight. They are both married men.

☞ The Lancaster Union says that a young lady by the name of Hershey, while returning from Mr. Daniel Leitzer's in Paradise where she had been spending the evening, was thrown from her horse and struck her head against a stone with such violence as to fracture her skull, causing her death in a few hours after.

☞ At a hurdle race over the Beacon course last week Mr Browning the proprietor of the course, was thrown from his horse and so severely injured that he died on Thursday morning. He was insensible from the moment of the accident.

☞ Two children, one aged three and the other two years, a son and daughter of the Rev. Isaac Hunt, pastor of the M. E. church of Little Falls, were suffocated at the residence of their parents on Thursday week. The fire which caused their death took in a clothes press which stood near the children's bed, and although speedily subdued, the recovery of the children was in vain.

☞ A little boy about four years of age, son of Mrs. Buddon, of Brooklyn, fell from the third story window to the pavement, one day last week. Astonishing to say, not a bone in his body was broken. He was of course considerably bruised, and injured somewhat internally. The child is doing well.

☞ The cotton factory at the Scull Shoals, in Greene county, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 5th inst., together with some goods and yarns. The books, notes, and money of the company were saved. The loss is estimated at between fifty and sixty thousand dollars.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Parisian Fashions—Alarm of the Manufacturers and Merchants at the Railway Mania—Great Demand for Buildings—A Singular Will—The Poor Sympathize with the Poor—Commercial Statistics —Memoranda of Continental Europe—Phrenology—Guano—Scarcity of Laborers—The Husband of Five Wives—Miscellaneous.

Bristol, England, October 17, 1845.

I dare say your fair readers are fond of reading all about the fashions, and as I have an opportunity of giving some account of the latest from Paris, I cheerfully embrace it. The correspondent of a *modiste* says—Amazonian robes in cloth are much worn, made like riding habits, though not so long, very full in the skirt and the waist extremely tight. The corsage is pointed, and sometimes has short skirts all round. It is buttoned in front with lappels and collar of velvet the color of the robe, some are buttoned up to the throat, but a few buttons are left unfastened, to display a lace frill underneath. Others show a chemisette and cravat. The principal color is myrtle green. The effect of this dress, however, is rather severe than sentimental. New mantles or mantelettes have appeared, with a triple cape, each edge trimmed with fringe of the same color. These are tight over the shoulders, and the lowest cape reaches lower than the elbow and nearly covers the sleeves. Bonnets for the promenade are very simple, bows of ribbon of the same color as the bonnet, and a few with plumes of feathers. The prevailing colors for the coming season are serious, and not so shaded and glaring as have hitherto been the fashion. Trimmings are festooned, and flounces are festooned and embroidered with large shaded spots, which have a good effect. Flounces in bias, one above another, and other antique modes are again adopted. For evening, a Pelutot sac is much worn, made of cashmere or velvet of a dark green or violet color. For dinner-dresses robes of satin with six flounces of black lace placed at equal distances, except that the lowest flounce is much commences at the point of the corsage and falls in festoon till it reaches the lowest flounce. A rich novelty is a *pelisse manoire* in blue levantine lined with cherry-colored flannel, but the form of this pelisse, without any seam on the shoulders or down the arms, is not graceful. But it may be repeated that the style generally for fall and winter dress is not deemed elegant and graceful as formerly, but somber and severe in its character. It imparts anything but the idea of gaiety of sentiment.

I have already said much about the railroad mania in England and to such a pitch, and with such fever has it raged, that many of the wholesale houses in London and Manchester have begun to feel alarm, seeing that an unusual proportion of their customers are drawn into the excitement. I had almost said gambling vortex and are supposed to be speculating with their creditors' money. These houses are taking effectual means to stop any indulgence in the prevailing mania, on the part of their retail customers. They inquire whether such and such a retail trader is a railway share speculator—and if so, they give orders to close his account, and they trust him no more. Surely this policy is a mere act of selfishness, for in some cases out of ten, the money of the creditors is risked, and not that of the retailer.

Among the various indications of the improvement of trade, may be mentioned the unprecedented demand for bricks in all parts of the kingdom—prices having advanced from 25 to 30s per thousand. In the manufacturing districts there are contracts for more than can be supplied during the next twelvemonth.

A singular character died a few days since at Highworth—Mr. George Peapell, a member of the Baptist Church. The following poetical will as to the disposal of his body has appeared in two or three journals

"This is the last will and testament of George Peapole,
My body shall be buried in a great deep hole
My goodies, or at once my own dearkingstone,
Where I do intends to lie, till the day I do rise.
Till grass and Dandy say with in my claw shall grapple,
Then my house shall be Heaven, and not Harpel Chapel,
My garden a burial ground shall be, where other saints may rest.
Till the last trump shall call us—the blessed of the blest
—To glory—glory—Amen.

I was much gratified the other day in perusing a long Police Report, according to which, a man named Hasle in London, behaved with such brutality to his wife that she was compelled for safety to take refuge in the house of a poor neighbor, a mechanic named Pearson. An inteet gation of the case disclosed distressing facts and cruel usage—but Pearson and his wife took the poor woman into their dwelling—clothed and fed her. The magistrate, Mr. Ballantine after dealing with the offender as he deserved, said to Pearson and his wife

"You and your wife assisted this poor woman."

Pearson.—"Oh! no, do not speak of that. I'd blush to mention it. It was a trifle, a mere trifle what it had been more. Four things—the subsists on less trifle."

The Magistrate ordered five shillings to be given to the injured wife, and a like sum to Pearson and his wife, who had assisted her.

Pearson refused it saying

"No, your worship; I am obliged to you. My wife and I can earn our little morsel and eat it in peace. Pray give it to the poor woman!"

It was given accordingly, and the incident proved the truth of the proverb, that the poor always evince great sympathy for the poor.

There have been several recent statistical publications of moment all of which give a flattering picture of the prosperity of the country. The increase of exports is immense. For example—in "declared value" only, which is much below the real, the exports were—

In 1842,	£47,201,023
In 1843,	51,474,709
In 1844,	58,864,022

The bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England is rather diminishing. It is now £14,000,000. The last quarter's revenue is large, but shows a decrease.

The religious publications say that within a few months, nine heathen temples have been destroyed or converted into Christian places of worship, in one district in India. News has just been received of three slavers captured by our vessels on the African coast, containing 630 slaves. The French papers record several cases of murder particularly one of a beautiful young girl at Vermotte, by her lover, who subsequently endeavored to kill an elderly female. At Mouzac, a Mademoiselle Leger poisoned a whole family in a fit of jealousy. Large numbers of Poles are migrating to Circassia, to join that people in their resistance to Russia. The Russians are said to have lost 12,000 soldiers and 300 officers in this year's campaign. During the last seven years there have been 330 sentences of death and 245 executions in France. On the 2d that Prince Louis Napoleon has memorialized the French Government from his prison at Ham, and that he will soon be set at liberty, on subscribing to certain conditions and giving sureties.

A regular lectureship on Phrenology has been established at the University of Glasgow. Our crops are rather short in England, and very short on the continent. I observe that a few days since there were 40 vessels at Limerick loading with wheat and provisions for export. Last week an old clerk in London broke a very old chest of drawers, and found in the back £400 in Bank of England notes. The late Michael Blake, of Galway, has left nearly £10,000 to charitable and public institutions. The Railways have employed an immense number of laborers—to such an extent indeed that agricultural laborers are very scarce, although offered more than the usual wages. This is rather a rare state of things in an overpopulated country like England. Within the last six years, 54 Catholic Chapels have been erected in England, together with a considerable number of religious houses. One John Brooks is in custody at Bath, on charges of having married five wives (the monster monopolist!) his first wife being alive. Macready was never more successful in London than since his return from America. He is now playing at the Princess's Theatre. There has been a terrible murder near Bottevant, Ireland, and an attempted assassination of Mr. B. McAleavy, of Carlingford. On Thursday last, a poor girl named Mary Howell, in Gower street, London, found at the bottom of an old tea-caddy 34 guineas of George III. 14 seven-shilling pieces, and a quantity of silver. Mr. Searle, an extensive woollen manufacturer of Tavistock, has been committed to take his trial for numerous forgeries. The Nestorian Christians of Asia Minor have claimed British protection and remonstrance, to enable them to exercise their faith and worship without molestation. About a fortnight since, the people of Queenhill Bay in the north of Scotland, were rejoiced by the appearance of an immense shoal of whales, of which they took 1,040. The country is keeping time with American wooden and brass clocks—very cheap, and so far as repute goes, they are also very good and correct. Some burglars broke into the buttery of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, a few nights ago, and stole ancient plate to the value of one thousand odd pounds. Earl Spencer, the distinguished Whig nobleman, died recently aged 81. He was universally esteemed. His title descends to his brother, the Honorable Captain Frederic Spencer. Jackson, the celebrated pugilist, tutor in the English art of boxing to so many of our nobility and gentry, died on Monday, in London, aged 57. He was a man of benevolence, and left a good estate. Earl Howe, descendant of the Naval Hero, married the Honorable Miss Gore on Thursday week. The wedding was attended by the Dowager Queen Adelaide, one Duchess, two Princesses, one Prince, a Marchioness and a Marquis. Quite a gay affair. A company is about to be formed to send steamers to America from Bantry Bay, Ireland. It is anticipated that they will perform the voyage to Halifax in seven days—to New York in nine. A new mine of Guano has been found at the island of Ichaboe to the great joy of speculators in that article. There has been a terrific eruption of Mount Hecla, which accounts for the recent showers of ashes in the north of Scotland and over the northern Islands. The destruction of life and property is not yet known. Among the quaint and terrifically queer things of the day, a title of land was recently litigated before the proper authorities in New Zealand, when a savage chieftain claimed the land, alleging his title to be, that he had killed, roasted and eaten the previous owner!

Fires.

☞ A destructive fire broke out at Wilmington, N. C., on the morning of the 4th inst., which destroyed about fifty buildings in the business part of the city. Loss estimated at $175,000. The fire occurred in the square bounded by Market, Front, Dock and Water streets. During the fire, which it is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary, Col. J. McCrey and Col. J. T. Miller, were injured by the falling of a wall. The portion of the town consumed is the same as that destroyed some time since by fire. Incendiarism is thought to have been the cause.

☞ The Essex Print Works, known as Mr Trussler's, about two miles from Rahway, N. J., were destroyed by fire on Friday morning week, the machinery and contents being consumed with the building. The loss estimated at $30,000, which is said to be covered by insurance. This is the second time the Calico Print Works have been burnt.

General News.

☞ We learn from the Richmond Whig, that at sunrise on the morning of the 4th inst., as one of the carriages of the Menagerie, containing the lion, tiger panther, &c. was in the act of starting for Petersburg, drawn by four horses, one of the horses took fright, and attempted to run; this excited the lion who roared from alarm, upon which the whole team dashed at full speed down Locust Alley out of the city, which made him a cripple for life. The Company offered Mr. M. $2,000 soon after he sustained the injury, which he would not accept.

☞ The opening of the Old Colony Railroad between Boston and Plymouth, on Saturday, was celebrated by the Bostonians with great eclat. Among the celebrators were ex President Adams, Daniel Webster, Judge Davis, and some three or four hundred more distinguished citizens.

☞ The Southern Whig published at Athens, Ga. contains a letter stating that Mr. Selon H. Pemberton had just been murdered in Oglethorpe county, by a travelling footman, who, after killing Pemberton, beheaded him and ran. He was, however, subsequently apprehended.

☞ David G. Yost, Esq. one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of Hagerstown, Md. committed suicide on Wednesday week, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Cause, partial alienation of mind produced by pecuniary embarrassments.

☞ The city of Frederick, Md., has completed its works for increasing its supply of water, and is now abundantly furnished with that indispensable element, pure, cool and of the best quality, derived from the neighboring mountain elevations.

☞ The pilot boat "Felix Point," which left Baltimore a considerable time ago, has not since been heard from and fears are entertained that she has been lost, with all hands on board, amounting to some eight or nine souls.

☞ Several merchants arrived at St. Louis, on the 20th ult. from Santa Fe, after a very short trip, having only been twenty-three days from that place to Independence. They brought with them some forty thousand dollars in specie, and ten wagons. They had no political news. Another company is expected out in a few days.

☞ The Dahlonega (Ga.) Watchman, of the 30th ult. says:—We are informed by Col. Samuel Jones, of Gilmer county, that one day of the last week, a solid lump of gold was found on the Ferrell mine, in that county, weighing 322 dwts, and 12 grains; for which he himself had offered, and was refused, the sum of $300.

☞ The editor of the Caddo Gazette apologizes for the neglect of his editorial columns, by frankly stating that he has been busily engaged in getting married. His lady readers will doubtless find his excuse all sufficient.

☞ The Directors of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Va. Railroad Company, have adopted a table of reduced rates of travel on that road, which is to go into effect on the 1st of December.

☞ James Bicklord, husband of the late Maria A. Bickford, who was lately murdered in Boston, caused her tomb on Friday week, and possessed himself of a lock of her hair.

☞ The Merchant's Bank of Macon, Ga., was entered on the night of the 1st inst., and robbed of five hundred dollars. The thieves are two colored men, who have been caught.

☞ The postage received in Albany for the month of October, 1845, was $2,235 70—for 1844 it was $2,800 11—a decrease of only $625 85.

☞ Gen. Charles Cuvellier, a distinguished citizen of New Orleans, died in that city on the 1st instant.

Items of News.

☞ Miss Mary G. Brown, daughter of Barrill Brown, of Scituate, R. I., threw herself into the Spring River Pond, on Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock, and was drowned. The unfortunate young lady, it is supposed, was in a state of insanity.

☞ The ship Shakspeare, Captain Rose, arrived at New Orleans on the 31st ult., in the remarkably short passage of eight days from New York to the Balize. This is said to be the quickest passage on record.

☞ It is proposed in New York, to relieve crowded streets from the multiplicity of vehicles, that a railway should be constructed upon pillars. A similar plan has been carried into effect in London.

☞ A man named William Wilkinson, was found dead near Monroe, La. a few days ago. He had been drinking and was exposed during the night to severe cold.

☞ The small pox, it is stated, is causing some alarm in Pittsburg. The Post calls upon the city authorities to take measures to stay its further spread.

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph, between Buffalo and Lockport, is in operation, and the foreign news was received in Lockport about as soon as in Buffalo.

☞ Mr. Andrew Snyder, a soldier in the Revolutionary War, died in Intercourse, in Lancaster Co., Pa. on the 1st inst., in the 113th year of his age.

☞ The journey from Charleston to New Orleans, over a thousand miles, is now performed in five days. The expense is less than $60.

☞ Charles Freeman, the celebrated American giant, died recently in one of the public hospitals of London.

☞ A line of stages to Oregon is contemplated—a very pleasant summer trip.

☞ Snow lay at Utica, N. Y., on Sunday morning last, three inches deep.

AN IMPORTANT CURE BY DR. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

We have been informed by Mrs. Mahan, (a granddaughter of old General Wayne) that she suffered for a number of years from the growth of a large Goitrous Tumor, which, besides great deformity, produced both a difficulty of respiration, and of breathing. Indeed, she says, the pressure upon the wind pipe was so great, as to prevent her sleeping in a recumbent position, and often suffocation appeared inevitable. She also laboured under severe indisposition from Liver Complaint and Jaundice, with a horrible train of nervous affections, for which she commenced the use of Dr. Jayne's Alterative, which she took regularly for six or seven weeks, with occasional doses of his Sanative Pills, and her general health was thereby completely re-established, and now perceiving some diminution in the size of the Goitrous Tumor, she was encouraged to persevere in the use of the Alterative, until every vestige of the painful Tumor was entirely removed. We think, therefore, that such an important remedy should be more generally known.—*Public Ledger.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 South 2d street, Philadelphia. nov 15–N

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS

No. 11 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 15, 1845.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia banks	par
do Bank notes	27 dis
Lancaster	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	5% dis
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Easton	1 dis
Towanda	1½ dis
Brownsville	1½ dis
Uniontown	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Washington	1½ dis
Wilmington	1½ dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lycoming	1 dis
Lehigh county bank	1½ dis
Towanda	1½ dis
Hanesdale	1½ dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Allentown	1 dis
Northampton	1½ dis
Pottsville	1 dis
Bank notes	1½ dis

NEW JERSEY.

Trenton, Mt Holly,	par
Hudson City, Paterson,	par
Camden, Medford	par
Pennsville	1 dis
Newark, Newtown,	
Patterson, Morristown,	par
New Brunswick,	
Middletown,	par
Pont, Orange Belvidere,	
Elizabethtown,	par
Mechanics' Banking Ass'n, Fifth Amboy	1 dis
Farmers' Del. Bridge	1 dis
Yard Del. Bridge	10 dis

DELAWARE.

Wilmington	par

MARYLAND.

Baltimore banks	4 dis
Mechanic bank	4 dis
Country	2½ dis
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Farmers' Millers bk	
bk of Montgomery	1 dis

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

All solvent banks	4 dis

NEW YORK

City banks	4 dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	4 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Genesseela	50 dis
Genesee county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Bank of Utica	2 dis
Oswego Bank	20 dis
Mechanics' Utica	15 dis
Country banks	4 dis

MAINE.

All solvent banks	4 dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

All solvent banks	4 dis

VERMONT

Bank of St. Albans	1½ dis
All solvent banks	4 dis

CONNECTICUT

All solvent banks	4 dis

MASSACHUSETTS.

All solvent banks	4 dis

RHODE ISLAND

Pascoag Bank	10 dis
All solvent banks	4 dis

CANADA.

Montreal	4 dis

VIRGINIA

Fk of Va & branches	1 dis
Exc. Bk. and branch	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis

NORTH CAROLINA

All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis

SOUTH CAROLINA

So. West R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis

GEORGIA

Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bank at Milledgeville	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Rickersville Bk. Co.	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis

ALABAMA.

Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country Banks	5@6 dis

MISSISSIPPI.

All banks	par

LOUISIANA.

All solvent banks	4 dis

FLORIDA

So. Life & Trust Co.	——

OHIO.

Com. Bk. of Toledo	15 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small Notes	3 dis

KENTUCKY

Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	4 dis

INDIANA

Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	4 dis

ILLINOIS

Bank of Illinois	75 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	——

MISSOURI

All solvent banks	1½ dis

TENNESSEE

All solvent banks	3 dis

MICHIGAN.

Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	70 dis

ARKANSAS.

All banks	60 dis

WISCONSIN.

Mineral Point	——
Bank of Milwaukie	——

IOWA.

Miners' Bank	——

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

INTERMENTS

in the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington,

From the 1st to the 8th November.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Lungs,	1	0	Brought over,	28	24
Apoplexy,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	1
Asphyxia,	0	1	—Bronchi,	1	3
Cancer,	1	0	—Lungs,	2	3
Croup,	0	3	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	—Pleura,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	15	1	Intemperance,	1	0
Convulsions,	1	3	Jaundice,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	2	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Drops

From the Magazines.

SAY NOT THE DEAD ARE DEAD.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they sleep
Where Neinds sport along the ocean-wave,
And Memory rolls its requiem loud and deep
'Mid the hoarse sighing of the wind-toned wave,
When naught can reach them in their darkness, save
The Death-paled messenger who sinks to rest
In the deep mysteries of his coral grave,
But sends no tidings from the unfathomed breast
Of loved and lovely ones that give the soul unrest.

Say not the dead are *dead*, because they lie
Beneath the shadow of some hallowed urn—
Only the finite thing can drop and die—
What is round their names our thoughts immortal burn
Like spirit fires that light the souls return
Down the dim paths of absence, and recall
Back to our sighing sphere our love to learn;
They are not dead! Their memories on us fall
Like subtil harmonies of lutheugh musical

Who are the dead? Not they who nobly fight
In the soul-battle of a righteous aim—
Who utter Truth, regarding only Right,
Defying Wrong, well-scorning threatened Shame,
When Power or changing Public Will proclaim
Corrupt Opinion; they who firm abide,
Outlive the storm, the rack, the martyr's flame—
For witnesses do spring their graves beside
Resounding, trumpet-tongued what they have prophesied

They are not dead who to one human soul
Have given one ray of truth—from age to age
They live unseen: though no revealing scroll
Emblazons forth on its undying page,
In bright companionship with seer or sage,
Their less-used name; the mother of her sen,
Whose fond loved-worshippings her heart engage—
The humble peasant, when the day is done,
Teaching the smiling child whose race has just begun.

They are not dead who swept the golden lyre,
And rolled their numbers down the path of time—
Who caught a gilt of that baptismal fire
Which burned around and filled the spirit-clime
With the bright flashings of its light sublime;
They are not dead because their tongues are still,
Nothing things they heard in lofty chime—
We hold communion now, if we but will,
And bringing thirsty hearts can all their longings fill.

Some die to live! Rejoining all their days,
Obscurely lost, unfanned by Fortune's breeze,
They see Unworthiness overborne with praise,
While Merit bends her oft imploring knees;
Yet trust they on, and Hope's sweet promise seize,
Looking to-morrow for the help they need;
They die with Hope just holding forth the lees,
Which Fame to nectar turns, and Glory's meed
Records their names on scrolls immortal as their deed.

He lives who dies bequeathing works that tell
That he has been—who so fulfils his race,
That though no dazzling deeds his praises swell
He yet may find a holy resting place
In the fond heart's remembrance—there to trace
The lasting record of a sinless power,
Imparting still the perfume of its grace;
He who thus lives, when Death's dim shadows lower,
Shall win eternal life in that transforming hour.

Chris. Parlor Mag. for Nov.

Tales of the West.

ORIGIN OF THE BUFFALOES.
A Legend of the Sioux.

In the evening of a beautiful day, we found ourselves some two hundred miles above Prairie du Chien, which may be considered the utmost limit of Northern civilization, our boat was moored at the upper end of an expansion of the Mississippi, called Lake Pepin, on the right bank of the stream, where a few Indian huts had gained for them the appellation of the End Wing's Village.

A short distance south of the village, and rising abruptly from the water's edge, stands a conical hill, high and steep, as if it had been erected for a collossal pattern of a loaf of sugar; on its top, which is a circular level of some thirty yards diameter, we were told the Indians had their burial-ground; curiosity, and the want of exercise, induced me to undertake its ascent; by dint of hard scrambling and the aid of our Indian guide I reached the summit. But I was amply repaid for my toil and trouble, by the sight which greeted my eyes, as I stood upon that hill top; in that wilderness land; far, far in every direction, prairie and wood, and stream, lay around me; with the exception of the boat, and the rough dwellings, which seemed almost beneath my feet, and the dusky being who stood beside me, there was no sign of the abodes of men, no evidence of civilization; there was water, but a boundless wilderness, divided by a mighty river, which I could trace in its windings for fifty miles north and south of me. My companion directed my attention to the north-west, where, in the distance, I could discern what seemed to be a square mass of rocks, but which had the appearance of an enormous temple. "In those rocks," said my dusky friend, who was loquacious for an Indian, "in those rocks is a cave, which, from a tradition handed down through our tribe, goes by the name of the House of the Buffalo Mat, if you will get me some spposum and some fire-water when we go down, I will tell you the tale." I promised that the tobacco and rum should be forthcoming, and sitting down upon a fragment of a rock, and requesting him to take a seat beside me, I bade him, if he had a tale to tell, to tell it.

"Eighteen times had Ilalee beheld the trees renew their foliage, and the flowers open, blushing to her hand; joy was in her heart, and gladness in her eyes; sportive and beautiful as the young fawn, she was welcome in every wigwam—so that in our tasteful language, she was called the 'beloved of the tribe.' Care had never driven the bloom from her cheek, and sorrow had never come to dim the brightness of her eye. but she seemed as if the Good Manitou had given her in watch to his angels to guard her from the spirits of the Evil Manitou, that her life might be happy, and her soul be welcome in the Island of the Blest.

"Tughannoe was a young warrior—tall and straight as the oak, fleet as the nimble-limbed deer, and so brave that he had never turned his back to the enemy, many a scalp of his enemies and many a trophy, wrested from the bear and the elk, adorned his wigwam, and attested his prowess in war and in the chase. But Tughannoe, brave and strong as he was, could not conquer love better for him to have encountered the arrows of the foe, than those which were shot from the eyes of Ilalee. She had been his playmate in childhood—had toyed with him in the bark canoe, over the lilies—and her he had gathered the prairie flower—for her he had caught and tamed the young birds of brilliant plumage: and when, boy as he was he longed for the period of manhood, that he might war with the enemies of his tribe, and hunt the elk and the bear —it was that he might lay his trophies and renown at the feet of his beautiful and beloved Ilalee. Years rolled by, and manhood, and strength, and glory came to Tughannoe but with them came not the love of Ilalee. Neither his approach nor his departure changed the beating of her heart, nor did her hand tremble in his clasp, nor her eye melt to softness, more than was its wont, when it met the gaze of his, and sorrow was in the breast of Tughannoe when he was forced to own to himself that he was not loved, and sadness like a cloud settled upon his brow.

"But Tughannoe was jealous, and though he knew that Ilalee did not love him, he liked not that she should love any one else, and therefore watched her with the vigilant eyes of a lover. He had observed that she often rambled alone in the forest in the summer evenings, and suspecting that there was more attraction than solitude possessed in these evening strolls, he determined to follow her, and see, at least, who was his fortunate rival. Cautiously keeping in her trail, it led him some distance into the forest, where, in a thick cluster of bushes he heard voices, and as he carefully parted them to get a view of the speakers, he made a slight noise—the voices ceased, and the next instant he heard the crackling of decayed branches, and the tread, as of an enormous animal, which shook the earth; rushing through the bushes, to behold a mighty buffalo flowing with the speed of the wind, and on its back, fearlessly, like a warrior, sat her long-loved, but now forever lost, Ilalee! bad and astonished, Tughannoe retraced his steps and told of the wonder he had witnessed—the tremendous animal which had run away with Ilalee; adding that he thought it must have been the Evil Manitou himself. But unfortunately for Tughannoe, his story was too marvellous for belief; the Chief called a council, and it was decreed that if Ilalee did not return within a moon, he should be slain by her nearest kinsman, as guilty of her murder. The moon passed, but no Ilalee came, and Tughannoe was led out to die. His eye quailed not, nor did he know dismay, but like a brave man, he stood to meet his death. The bow was strung—the arrow fitted to the string—and the eye of the avenger of blood was ready to glance along it in deadly aim, when the strange and wonderful animal, with its lovely rider bounded from the forest—darted through the crowd, which swayed from it in terror—and was lost again from their astonished sight, in the shades of the leafy solitudes. For a moment, the crowd stood speechless and dismayed—and then, as if with one accord, Tughannoe and the other braves of the tribe started in pursuit. Over hill and dale, through woods and across waters, on they dashed in the trail of the wonderful beast. Love, and the desire of revenge, winged the feet of Tughannoe, who, in the evening of the second day, far ahead of the rest, came in sight of the cluster of rocks, upon which we have been gazing. More cautiously then he proceeded, till he approached an opening in the rocks, where the trail, which he had followed, disappeared—stealthily Tughannoe entered, and greyed his way through the passage, till it suddenly ended in a spacious cave, where, by the light let in from a crevice above, he beheld with astonishment, Ilalee reclining upon some skins and by her side, a beautiful young man, both sleeping. Maddened by jealousy, Tughannoe drew near, until he bent over the prostrate forms of the slumberers, and raising his spear, he plunged it deep into the breast of his unknown and innocent rival. Ilalee, with a shriek, sprung to her feet—but what was the consternation of both, as they beheld each drop of blood that welled from the bosom of the unknown, transformed into an animal like that which had borne Ilalee; and as each was formed it dashed from the cave, till a mighty herd was rushing through the forest, shaking the earth with the thunder of their tread; at length, the bleeding body slowly arose, and gradually changing its shape, it became a mightier than the rest, which had been fromed from it, with its large, clear eyes it looked fondly into the face of Ilalee, who seemed to understand its meaning, and bounded lightly on its back, while the animal changed the softness of its glance into one of fire, as it turned its gaze upon Tughannoe, and, with bended head, it leaped towards him, striking its horn through him, and then, bearing him aloft, as a trophy of victory, it rushed from the cave, and far as the companions of Tughannoe —who, by this time had come up—could see, on rushed the mighty squadron, bearing down trees in their path, and the last that lingered on their sight, was the huge one which carried on its horn the writhing form of Tughannoe, and on its back, the lovely and nothing-loathe Ilalee, who was seen no more! And this was the origin of the Buffaloes."

—Bedford Inquirer.

Notes of Travel.

BEGGARS AND BARBERS IN CHINA.

The beggars, of all the natives, are the most persevering rascals. They are furnished with little gongs, and standing at a shop door will bang and bang upon them without ceasing, until the shopman and customer is glad to be rid of the nuisance by throwing out a single cash, (one thousandth of a dollar) with which they depart apparently perfectly satisfied. But the idle throng is a mere handful compared with the busy multitude. The same active disposition is remarked on shore as on the river, but in a more confined space, and therefore we cannot observe so many things at once. The first day that I arrived and went into the streets was one of withering heat, though the last of September, and the people were still in summer costume. Here rapidly, around a sharp corner, came a number of coolies almost naked, conveying by the means of their long poles burthens of all kinds and sizes, with this pole across the shoulder, each man is enabled to carry two very heavy chests of tea, or several boxes of silk. You hear a grunt behind you, and glancing quickly over the shoulder, as a dozen laborers, in single file, bending under the weight, and making this noise to warn those walking before them. If you do not get out of the way the heavy boxes come against you with no slight shock. Long strings of these men are often seen, thus laden, who trot and stop simultaneously at this expressive grunt, like our North American Indian "ugh." Then the people are seen dividing like waves before a vessel, and a covered sedan chair containing a female or mandarine, comes down the crowded street at a swift pace. Some of the thoroughfares are so narrow that a chair is often obliged to wait at one end for another sedan to pass it. Then you hear a shriek at your ear, and a fish monger brushes by with two tubs of fish swimming or killed. The streets are merely alleys, filled with shops, and look where we may, or go where we list, still we are in a dense crowd like that assembled at a public execution. At some of the doors we see people packing away porcelaine or tea ware, passing over the boxes with papers, or sewing on matting covers, binding them securely with long strips of split rattan, and coolies standing by ready to receive and transport them to their owners.

As the people cannot very well shave their own heads, innumerable barbers are needed and to be seen at every turning. I have read many interesting legends of Spanish barbers, but as I never was in Spain, cannot tell really if those of China resemble the meddling, inquisitive fellows of Old Castile. The Asiatic race seemed to me rather an important, dignified and taciturn assembly, who went about the streets with the emblems of their craft, but not to seek employment, as if they considered shaving a serious affair, and that the professors of the art were quite worthy of being solicited to practice it. The person undergoing the operation has apparently something of the same feeling, for he sets down, on the top of the barbers set of drawers with quite a resigned and subdued air. The drawers containing shaving apparatus are suspended from one end of a pole and from the other hangs a wooden cylinder with a metal bottom containing hot water, and heated by a chafing dish beneath.

The razor blade is a clumsy looking thing, nearly in shape of an equilateral triangle, which, however cuts very well, the tonsor shaves the head entirely, with the exception of the spot of tail hair, the other meanwhile holding up a plate to catch the shreds that fall, and it is a singular fact that this hair is always preserved and in a state of decomposition serves with many other substances to manure the land. Such is an illustration of one of the many uses of common things carried so far among the Chinese, whose habits of economy begin where those of other nations end. The fine hair growing in the ears and between the eye-brows are shaved by these barbers, who also introduce instruments under the eyelids that no doubt producing much of the blindness found among the people. They also comb out the tail, and plaiting it again with great exactness, so finish the operation of shaving and hair dressing.

EFFECTS OF GREAT DROUGHTS.

Darwin says that while travelling through South America, he received several vivid descriptions of the effects of a late great drought; and the account of this may throw some light on the cases where vast numbers of animals of all kinds have been embedded together. The period included between the years 1827 and 1830 is called the "gran seco," or the great drought. During this time no little rain fell, that the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed; the brooks were dried up, and the whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. This was especially the case in the northern part of the province of Buenos Ayres, and the southern part of Sa Fe. Very great numbers of birds wild animals, cattle and horses, perished from the want of food and water. A man told him that the deer used to come into his courtyard to the well which he had been obliged to dig to supply his own family with water, and that the partridges had hardly strength to fly when pursued. The lowest estimation of the loss of cattle in the province of Buenos Ayres alone was taken at one million head. A proprietor at San Pedro had previously to these years, twenty thousand cattle at the end not one remained. San Pedro is situated in the middle of the finest country, and even now abounds again with animals; yet during the latter part of the "gran seco," live cattle were brought in vessels for the consumption of the inhabitants. The animals roamed from their estancias and wandering far southward, were mingled together in such multitudes, that a government commission was sent from Buenos Ayres to settle the disputes of the owners. Sir Woodbine Parish informed him of another and very curious source of dispute the ground being so long dry, such quantities of dust were blown about that in this open country the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates.

Darwin was informed by an eye-witness that the cattle in herds of thousands, rushed into the Parana, and being exhausted by hunger they were unable to crawl up the muddy banks and thus were drowned. The arm of the river which runs by San Pedro was to full of putrid carcasses, that the master of a vessel told me that the smell rendered it quite impassable. Without doubt several hundred thousand animals thus perished in the river; their bodies, when putrid, were seen floating down the stream; and many in all probability were deposited in the estuary of the Plata. All the small rivers became highly saline, and thus caused the death of vast numbers in particular sorts; for when an animal drinks of such water it does not recover. Azara describes the fury of the wild horses on a similar occasion, rushing into the marshes, those which arrived first being overwhelmed and crushed by those which followed. He adds that more than once he has seen the carcasses of upwards of a thousand wild horses thus destroyed. Darwin noticed that the smaller streams in the Pampas were paved with a breccia of bones, but this probably is the effect of a gradual increase, rather than of the destruction at any one period. Subsequently to the drought of 1827 to 1832, a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Hence, it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What would be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthly mass? Would he not attribute it to a flood having swept over the surface of the land, rather than to the common order of things?

Bowl of Punch.

TEA AND TOAST.

One day last week the London Dock Company, at the opening of their new range of tea-warehouses, gave a party to the Tea division of the mercantile interest of London. The "usual toasts" were given on the occasion; and though, no doubt, these toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not exactly that description of toast which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Souchong being proposed:—

Souchong (through his representative) declared that he had never risen—in the market or anywhere else—under circumstances so flattering as the present. He had been often drunk; though he was never either tipsy himself, nor the cause of intoxication in others; for his was the draught that cheered but not inebriated. Around him were the merchant princes of London; though he must regret the absence of one who was at once a merchant prince and a merchant tailor. He felt that he had now been on his legs long enough, and could only return his best thanks for the honor that had been done him.

Gunpowder felt himself ready to explode with gratitude for the distinction which had just been conferred upon him. He hoped to continue to give satisfaction—in a friendly way. he was not that gunpowder that feared to be superceded by steam. he respected steam for its connection with boiling water—which was his element. It was his boast to load the caddies, and not the cannons, of his country. Allied as he trusted ever to be, with the milk of human kindness and the sugar of free labor, it should ever be his aim to promote universal peace.

Green Hyson, in acknowledging the compliment that he had just received, would notice with pride an epithet which had been applied to him. He had been called evergreen: he felt thus associated with the laurel; and if the laurel bound the poet's temples he had often to boast of stimulating the poet's brain: he was aware that it had been insinuated that he was hostile to the nervous system; this was a calumny and he took that public opportunity of making the assertion.

Young Hyson, after the eloquent speech just made by his brother, would merely express his thanks. He was unaccustomed to public speaking; his experience being limited to the silent sputoring of the kettle.

"The Country Lead" having been proposed—

A stranger rose to respond. He claimed the appellation which had just been mentioned: he was the British Leaf. (*Indignant cries of "Turn him out!"*)

A scene of indescribable confusion here ensued, amid which the pretender was expelled from the room. Order having at length been restored, harmony resumed her sway, and several sentimental and comic songs having been sung, the company separated at an advanced hour.—*Punch.*

THE EXILED LONDONER.

I roam beneath a foreign sky,
That shy is cloudless, warm and clear;
And everything is glad but I;
But ah! my heart is far from here.

They bid me look on forests green,
And boundless prairies stretching far;
But I regrete not in their sheen,
And longing turn to Temple Bar

They bid me list the torrent's roar,
In all its foaming, bounding pride;
But I, I only think the more
On living torrents in Cheapside!

They bid me mark the mighty stream,
Which Mississippi rolls to sea;
But then I sank in pensive dream,
And turn my thoughts, dear Thames, to thee.

They bid me note the mountains high,
Whose snow capp'd peaks my prospect end
I only hear a secret sigh—
To Lodgate Hill my wishes tend.

They taunt me with our denser air,
And fogs as thick you scarce can see;
Then yellow fog, I will declare,
Though strange to say, I long for thee.

And everything in this bright clime
But serves to turn my thoughts to thee;
Thou London, of an earlier time,
Oh, when shall I return to thee?—*Punch.*

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Attorney, from *attorniare*, to substitute, means one put in another's place, and an Attorney often comes into that which belonged to his client. An Attorney cannot practice without a certificate which he pays for every year, like a license to kill game, to which his occupation bears some analogy. An Attorney, before he can be admitted, is examined as to what books he has read; and there is a case of a clerk having answered that he had read *Robinson Crusoe* twice, and *Punch* every Saturday.

Bailiff, from *baillir*, to sweep; because a Bailiff generally sweeps away or bushes off one's property. Bailiffs are sometimes called Stewards, and manors always had Bailiffs; "but," says Spelman, "there have been bayliffes with use manneeres."

Baronet. A little Baron: a title which originated with King James the First, who, being short of money, and being the fountain of honor, drew it off from the fountain, like ginger-beer, at so much a draught, to any one willing to pay for it.—*Punch.*

☞ An honest man is believed without an oath for his reputation swears for him.

Ladies' Boudoir.

Flowers.—What is the use of flowers? exclaims a thrifty house-keeper, remorsefully polishing her fire-irons. What is the use of bright fire-irons, say we, in reply, on of any fire-irons at all? could you not make fire on two stones that would keep you quite as warm? What's the use of handsome table-cloths and bed spreads? one might eat on a board and sleep under a buffalo-skin, and not really starve either!

When you see a house standing all alone, bare of shrub or flower, except some volunteer bunches of thistle and pig-weed, what do you infer of its inmates? And when you have passed even a log cabin, where the sweet brier is carefully trained around the door while veils of morning glories and of scarlet beans shaded the windows, did you not immediately think of the dwellers there, as neat, cheerful and agreeable?

This is more especially the case in regard to the homes of the poor. The credit of the rich man's grounds may belong to his gardener,—but they who keep no gardener, and whose simple flower garden springs out of moments stolen from necessary labor, possess a genuine and cordial love for the beautiful to render even an humble dwelling so fragrant and fair.

The Daughter's Retreat.—I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling where I heard a very bad man, using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed by illness; it was fearful to see and hear him; and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little sick girl, about eleven years of age, and who was dying of a consumption, went up to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated, thin hand upon his arm, and looked right up in his face, and said, "Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say; pray don't speak so, father." She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I will do any thing that child tells me to do, for she's an angel." His fierce nature was subdued, goodness and love had made this little girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

Firmness of Character.—Resolution is almost omnipotent. Sheridan was at first timid and obliged to set down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of, and mortified at, the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "it is in me, and shall come out." From that moment he rose and shone, and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true and moral courage.—And it was well observed by a heathen moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. Be then bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts, for doubts are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightest instance, for it is more by a disregard of small things, than by open and flagrant offences, that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrong; and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

Curious Scraps.

Beauty of Cincinnati.—Cincinnati is proverbially clean in its streets and avenues; a thing greatly helped by the fact that it is seated upon gravel ground, which give the streets a rapid descent for water. In its general aspect it so strikingly resembles Philadelphia that in some parts of the city I could almost believe myself there. Some Quaker angels seem to have clubbed together, and, by their united strength, taken up the old city of Brotherly Love, and, bearing it over the tops of the Alleghanies, to have deposited it, joyfully, on the banks of the Ohio, in the very midst of the rich soil of "Symmes's Purchase." *There she sits*, in newborn majesty, "apparent queen." To a staid and moderate European politician the thing would seem a miracle. Here is a beautiful city, of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, where but fifty years ago nothing was to be seen but boon Nature's wild luxuriance of wood and soil and stream. It is such a transmutation as can be witnessed nowhere but in our own beloved land; and the more one contemplates it the more will a sanguine spirit be inclined to cry—

"Visions of glory! spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!"

Walking upon Water.—In Hanover, two young men, one a Swede, and the other a Norman —taking the hint from that sort of foot-gear of fir-plants, called skies, by means of which in those Northern countries, the inhabitants pass through valleys and ravines filled with snow, without sinking—have been exhibiting, in that capital, the exploit of walking on the water by means of skies—made, however, for the latter purpose, with iron plates hollow within. An European Journal says —Backwards and forwards, much at their ease, according to the report, did the exhibitors walk and run—going through the military exercises, with knapsacks at their backs—and finally drawing a boat containing eight persons—all without wetting their shoes. The Minister of War, has, it is said, put a portion of the garrison of Hanover under the training of these gentlemen, for the purpose of learning what might prove so useful a military manœuvre; and as MM. Kjelberg and Balcken propose carrying their invention into other countries, our readers will probably suspend their opinion till they have a nearer view of this novel meeting of sky and water.

☞ A journal advertises for two girls, "who are accustomed to *feed* on a double Adams power press." Rather severe diet.

The Family.

MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Now wife, and children, let's be gay;
My work is done, and here's the pay—
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it;
Hope cear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toil'd, and now we meet,
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gained by labor, cannot cloy.

Come ye who form my dear friends—
My care, my comfort, and my pride;
Come now, let us close the night,
In harmless talk, and food delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessings, peace,
And such doings—joys increase
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which heaven ordains.

For this, and every blessing given,
Thankful, we'll bow the knee to heaven;
In God's own house, our voices raise,
With grateful notes of prayer and praise.

Sweet's the tranquility of heart,
Which public worship doth impart,
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God designed,
Promote my health, improve my mind;
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our length is but a lengthened week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek;
And he whose labor well is past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last

Employment or Riches.—Religion teaches us both to fear and respect Riches, for, accordingly as they are used, they become the source of the greatest of evils, or the greatest of benefits.

When sought for by cupidity, confidence no longer exists among men; friendship is betrayed, integrity and good faith disappear; blood flows, poison is prepared, and nature becomes ferocious.

When Avarice accumulates, and retains them useful industry is discouraged—the Arts languish, and the poor suffer. When the voluptuary, or the luxurious dissipate them, manners degenerate, marriage is but the announcement of divorce, and distinct conditions are confounded. The superfluous absorbs the useful; a false magnificence covers a general misery. The great are ruined, and cease to be great, and the nations degenerate. We seek in vain for the dignity of the ancestors in their descendants; they possess their names alone.

When Riches become the handmaid of Charity, they create, as it were, a new world; they cause the comforts of life to be abundant; are stimulants to, and the recompense of, labor. They seek merit, and prevent indigence; dry the tears of the unhappy; break the captive's chains, and strengthen wavering virtue: they people deserts and make fertility return to uncultivated fields.

Thus the charitable rich are not simply men—they are Providence rendered visible, and applied in a manner sensible to the happiness of the world.

☞ Wit is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as on the hearer. One of the first principles of it is good nature was subdued, goodness and love had made this little girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

Agricultural.

SAVE THE LEAVES.

At this season a great quantity of leaves may be readily gathered in many places. A rake used at the right time will gather them very fast by the sides of buildings and fences. They make excellent beds for cattle to lie on, and they are more valuable after such use than before. Rake all clean as soon as harvesting is over, and you will much increase your manure heaps.

As soon as the summer manure is scraped out of the cowyard, leaves, litter, loam, sand, gravel, or peat mud may be spread over the yard. It costs less to do this than to buy guano or poudrette, and it will prove more useful, for you will be able to improve the texture of your soil if you exercise good judgment in choosing your materials.

Your gravelly manure will suit best your lowest or coldest grounds. Your sandy loads will do best on clayey soils. Your peat manure works quickest and best, on your gravelly knolls and sandy fields. It is quite important to consider well the use you are to make of your manures at the time when you are gathering the materials to increase your heaps; for in this way you alter gradually the very texture of your soil. You can render it more light and porous, or more compact and retentive of moisture. You can warm it, or cool it by means of the materials that you gather to be impregnated by the excrements of animals.

Time of Planting Peaches.—We are requested to give the time of planting peaches, the depth, &c. It planted in the Fall, the stones may get washed away or thrown out of the ground, and the mice may get the meat; and if they do not work by the operations of nature, there will be a failure. Besides, Fall planting prevents the advantage of Spring ploughing. Therefore we prefer planting in the Spring, and under the following management.

Any time from taking the seeds from the meat to the furrow up of the ground, bury peach stones ten or twelve inches deep, in a soil not very wet. Let them remain till the ground is dry enough in the Spring, and has been ploughed and prepared. Then take the stones and with a quick blow on the side edge crack the stone without injury to the meat. Plant the best seeds about as deep as you would corn, and a seed exactly where you want a tree. Plant the poor seeds in a bed, some of which will grow, and from them transplant to fill any vacancies where the best seed was planted.—*Cultivator.*

Swan Peas, intended for breeders, must not be kept high through the winter. Fat hogs never multiply half so fast as lean ones. By not attending to this rule our best breeds run out, and we are obliged to take our pigs from poorer mothers—from mothers not inclined to fatten easily. If we procure a pet pig, of the very best promise, we are apt to feed her quite as well as ordinary ones are fed. She becomes too fat to rear her offspring and we put her into the meat barrel. Wash from the dairy makes finer shoats than grain of any kind.

If your compost manure, intended for grass lands, was not all spread in October, do it before it freezes. If it is left in heaps till Spring the frost will remain there till May, and your top dressing will not do half the service, in case of a dry May, that it will do if you spread it before winter. The best way is to spread it direct from the cart or wagon when you can spare your team long enough to unload in this way.

Choice Scraps.

DR. FRANKLIN'S LOAN.

It is said that Dr. Franklin once met with an honest young man, who was greatly in need of money. The doctor gave him ten dollars, but told him it was *loan* not given to him. "With industry and perseverance, you will not fail to secure ample means of support, and when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining upon him also, as soon as he shall be able, to discharge his debt by lending it to another when he shall meet with the like opportunities.

Now this principle of Dr. Franklin, would work well in many other cases—for instance.

You are the eldest of several brothers and sisters. In infancy and childhood you were the constant care of your mother—she sung you to sleep at night—she was by your side when you awoke—she attended to your numerous wants—she dressed your doll or covered your ball—told you pretty stories—instructed you in the right way, and, in short, made it her duty to make you good and happy. now do you not owe her a debt for all this? I will tell you how to pay her.

You have, as I have said, several brothers and sisters younger than yourself. Your mother cannot give to each as much care and attention as she used to bestow upon you. But you can be of great assistance to her by doing many things for the younger children, which will relieve her of much care. You can amuse them when they are noisy or fretful. They can often watch over baby when it plays, which you can afford. You can be patient with them when they are unreasonable and cross. Oh what a comfort such a daughter or such a son must be to a mother! And what a useful example to the younger children, too! In this way you can do something towards paying the debt you owe your mother.

For every friendly attention, for every kind word spoken to every heartfelt bestowed, consider yourself in debt: and when you pay, pay with interest, that is, give more than you have received, and let no opportunity pass unimproved, when it is in your power to do good.

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

When morning pours its golden rays,
O'er hill and vale, o'er earth and sea,
My heart unbidden soars in praise,
Father of light and life, to Thee!

When night from heaven steals darkly down,
And throws its head o'er lawn and lea,
My saddened spirit seeks thy throne,
And bows in worship still to Thee.

If tempests sweep the angry sky,
Or sunbeams smile on flower and tree,
If joys or sorrows dim the eye—
Father in heaven, I turn to Thee.

Value of a Newspaper.—Sir John Herschel says of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toils, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining newspaper. It calls for no bodily exertions, of which he has had enough, or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a lovelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene—and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of ending himself the next day with his money in his pocket; or, at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work and if the paper he has been reading be anything above the very silliest and slightest, gives him something to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

☞ A boy being praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed, "when children are so very keen, they generally become stupid as they advance in years." The lad immediately replied,—"What a very keen boy you must have been."

☞ A lady went to the police in New York, to inquire for a clock she had lost. Justice Osborn, who is fond of a joke, said, "Madam, we do things here without any clock." "I beg your pardon," rejoined the lady, "I took this for the *police* office."

FALL FASHIONS.

The London magazines, just received, say that various novelties have appeared in autumnal materials, in silks as well as woollens, the colors and designs suitable to the season. Stamped velvets on pekin or moire ground, will form handsome redingotes. Negligee at this season are more elegantly made than later, an attendant the toilettes de soiree. Velvet is much used to trim the autumnal dresses; some of moire in myrtle green, or deep blue, have been made with bias of velvet, reaching above the knee; the corsage with petit chale of velvet, and deep cuffs on the sleeves; black satin in this style is also approved.

Barege is fashionable for petit soirees, in white or pink; even black is worn with these flounces; the most elegant are embroidered with narrow velvet. White silk braid intermixed with silver or gold, will be used on white crape or Grenadine dresses. Gimp still continues the most general trimming for negligees as well as robes de toilette; many are made up all ready to ornament the dress, forming tablier on the front.

Bugles will be very fashionable this winter, and will be introduced in the embroideries and gimps used in dress. Very pretty bugle coiffures are also in preparation; the crown enclosing the back hair, and confined by bands which cross the top of the forehead; others called Catalane, are made of bugles in mixed colors, giving the effect of precious stones; others are all white or black, and will be ornamented with velvet, or a rose at the side. Various novelties are preparing for the coming season, for coiffures, particularly in dress hats; and ostrich feathers, so little used of late years, will be much used. A novelty in caps are those of colored muslin, trimmed with black or white lace; they are of very fine organdy muslin, with patters in pink, blue, lilac, having nauds and brides of the same, trimmed round with very fine Valenciennes lace. Many little caps are also made of pink tulle, or crape, with ruches of the same. Velvet bonnets will be of an open form, ornamented with a plume or two feathers, of a moderate size, or a bunch of three small feathers, the color of the bonnet, and satin ribbon. The autumnal ribbons are of darker colors than those of Spring, and are edged with narrow velvet stripes. Pardessus are now very fashionable; of slight silks lined, with colors, wadded and quilted in patterns; some are trimmed with black lace, and made without any division of the waist in front. The new velvet mantelets are large, and cut out at the arm.

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me, ere I see the posies,"
She did. "Oh! I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

The Olio.

MATRIMONY.

1—The man must lead a happy life,
2—Who's free from Matrimonial chains,
3—Who is directed by a wife,
4—Is sure to suffer for his pains.

1—Adam could find no solid peace,
2—When Eve was given for a mate,
3—Until he saw a woman's face,
4—Adam was in a happy state.

1—In all the female face appear,
2—Harmony, decent and prole,
3—Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
4—Ne'er a known in woman to reside.

1—What tongue is able to unfold,
2—The falsehoods that in woman dwell;
3—The worth in woman we behold,
4—Is almost imperceptible.

1—Cursed be the foolish man I say,
2—Who changes from his singleness,
3—Who will not yield to woman's sway
4—In pains of perfect blessedness.

☞ To advocate the ladies' cause, you will read the 1st. and 3d. and 3d. and 4th. lines together.

DIOGENES.

A hyperbolical scoundrel in Athens inscribed over his door "Let nothing evil enter here." He wrote under it, "By what door does the owner enter?"

Being asked what was the best hour for dinner he replied, "For the rich when they please—the poor when they can."

Seeing a wicked boy throwing stones at the gallows, he said, "Well aimed, boy; you will hit the mark at last!"

He called a bad singer "Mr. Cock." Being asked the reason, he said—"His notes are the signal for a general rising."

When told that his countrymen, the Sinopeans, had sentenced him to banishment, he remarked,—"I have condemned them to a worse punishment, to stay at home."

One lawyer unjustly charged another with theft. He, being chosen umpire, condemned both, declaring that the accused was a thief, but the accuser had lost nothing.

Seeing the son of a courtezan throwing stones at a crowd, he called out—"Take care, boy, lest you hit your own father."

Hearing a handsome youth speak foolishly, he exclaimed—"What a shame to see a leaden sword drawn from an ivory scabbard."

Seeing an unskilful archer shooting, he went and sat down by the target—declaring it the only place of safety.

Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree he exclaimed—"Oh, that all trees would bear such fruit!"

Juvenile Department

I HAVE NO MOTHER.

I have no mother, for she died
When I was very young,
But Memory still around my heart
Like morning mist has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched around my bed,
And of a soft and quiet hand
That wiped the tears I shed.

With smiles she held my tiny arms,
When I began to walk;
And joy would sparkle in her eyes
When I would try to talk.

And often, too, as I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
Her tears would fall upon my cheek—
I think I feel them now.

And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother, mother, in my heart
Thy image still shall be;
And may I hope in heaven, at last,
To meet and live with thee?

A CHAPTER ON INSECTS.

Cast your eyes upon those animated atoms for which a flower is a world, one drop of water an ocean: observe them well, and no longer will they appear insignificant.

Gold, sapphires, and rubies, have been prodigal to innumerable insects. We behold some whose heads are ornamented with beautiful plumage; they sound a trumpet, and are armed for war: others carry turbans enriched with precious stones, their robes sparkling with azure and purple: they have glasses to discover their enemies, and bucklers to defend themselves.

There are some with wings of gauze, casques of silver, and poles like iron, touching lightly the waves, flying in the meadows, or darting through the air.

Look at this little world. Here are weavers, masons, and architects: we recognize the laws of equilibrium and the learned forms of geometry: there are some voyagers and pilots, without ship or compass, sailing on a drop of water, to the conquest of a new world. Where are the wise men who have enlightened them? the learned who guide and instruct them? Who is the Lycurgus who has dictated laws so perfect? Where is the Orpheus who has taught them the rules of harmony? Do they believe them to be monsters of the earth because they crawl upon its surface?

Observe those little households, those kingdoms and republics, those hordes like the Arabs.

A mite occupies the mind that studies the st